

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 26, 1974 60 CENTS

THE TARGET AT FOREST HILLS

Champion John Newcombe



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not about to smoke a boring
cigarette.



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Long Size.

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of young families today.

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letting it slide.

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another, they thought it cost
a lot of money.

Then, when little Jennifer
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Chances are, Allstate has
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need. So why put it off? Talk
to an Allstate Agent now.

What we did for the

Wulffens, maybe we can do
for you.

If you pay this
amount each month
and you're 27, say...

You get this much
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creasing Term):

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Allstate
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IBM Reports

Four principles of privacy

For some time now, there has been a growing effort in this country to preserve the individual's right to privacy in the face of expanding requirements for information by business, government and other organizations.

In searching for appropriate guidelines, private and governmental groups have explored many avenues and considered many aspects of the privacy question.

As a company with a vital interest in information and information handling, IBM endorses in their basic purpose four principles of privacy which have emerged from various studies, and which appear to be the cornerstones of sound public policy on this sensitive issue.

1. Individuals should have access to information about themselves in record-keeping systems. And there should be some procedure for individuals to find out how this information is being used.
2. There should be some way for an individual to correct or amend an inaccurate record.
3. An individual should be able to prevent information from being improperly disclosed or used for other than authorized purposes without his or her consent, unless required by law.
4. The custodian of data files containing sensitive information should take reasonable precautions to be sure that the data are reliable and not misused.

Translating such broad principles into specific and uniform guidelines will, of course, not be easy. They must be thoughtfully interpreted in terms of the widely varying purposes of information systems generally.

In particular, the proper balance must be found between limiting access to information for the protection of privacy on one hand, and allowing freedom of information to fulfill the needs of society on the other.

But solutions must be found. And they will call for the patient understanding and best efforts of everyone concerned. In this search, IBM pledges its full and whole-hearted cooperation.

IBM

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year and, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, IL 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James H. Simpson, President; Clifford J. Green, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands \$14.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$16.00 a year; all others \$18.00 a year.

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THE SOWS

A **SOWS** for the unsung is composed by Ron Fennell, who examines Oakland's Joe Rudi and other men of the diamond blessed with superior skills but bereft of their due acclaim.

FIRST COMES the tale—a look at the emerging nation of Zaire—and then comes the big fight, Mark Kram's account of the promoters who packaged the Ali-Foreman title match.

SET TO SHOOT this steam Sky-Cycle in an all-out attempt to hurdle an Idaho canyon, Evel Knievel assesses his chances for Robert F. Jones and, in the process, voices some fears.



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



Party hats and noisemakers are strictly optional but it is a pleasure to report that with this issue *SI* moves officially into its third decade. Behind lie 20 years of publication, prompting birthday greetings from, among other readers, an oldtimer in Washington, D.C. named Charles Baker. "You have admirably filled what was a long-awaited need," he writes. "The number of sports-minded Americans has increased many times over since *SI* first appeared. No doubt many of them have had their interests kindled by your broad coverage."

Baker's good wishes are especially heartwarming inasmuch as he is one of 49,000 charter subscribers who have never missed an issue. These faithful souls have been with us since our birth in August 1954—the first cover, right, featured a photo of Milwaukee Braves slugger Eddie Mathews—and they seem like, well, family. They are, as a group, appreciative of our efforts, forgiving of our mistakes and—like Aunt Clara—free with advice. Scarcely a week goes by without one of them writing, "As a charter subscriber, I think..."

One member of this "20-year club" is Bing Crosby, a rabid sports fan who notes approvingly that "the artwork in the magazine has become far more advanced and news coverage has expanded a great deal." Although Alabama's Bear Bryant is not sure whether he got his first issue in the mail or at the newsstand, he can be considered a member, too. He packs the latest one into his briefcase to read on the airplane during recruiting or game trips. "*SI* does a terrific job with college football," the Bear says, but then he growls, "I don't pay attention to your predictions. You picked us one year to win the national championship and we did—but it's still just guesses."

Some have not only been receiving the magazine down through the years but hanging onto it as well. Lem Roberts II of Phoenixville, Pa. has providently saved Vol. 1, No. 1, copies of which now fetch \$15 from collectors. For golfing emergencies Douglas C. Fisk keeps a five-part Arnold Palmer instructional from 1963 in a dresser drawer in his Sacramento home. And Craig Sutton of Charlotte, N.C. is one of a surprising number who have saved every issue. "I've got magazines packed under beds, in closets, wherever there's room," he says. "One of these days I'll have them bound, I guess."

One who has them all bound—in black leather with gold lettering—is Californian Gene Mako who, with Don Budge, dominated U.S. and Davis Cup doubles in

the mid-'30s. Vol. 1, No. 1, says Mako, "contains the greatest sports photo of all time, shot in the first Marciano-Charles fight. I'll never forget it."

Charter subscribers often play the role of missionaries, converting others to *SI*. Lem Roberts sent every copy to his son while he was in Korea. Mrs. W. E. Hartman of Bradford, Pa. gave subscriptions to both her daughters after they were married. Dr. Arthur McSteen of Greensburg, Pa. sends Christmas subs to doctors and other friends (\$96 worth last year, he says). Red Auerbach's pervasive influence with the Boston Celtics has, we suspect, led to "the whole ball club" reading *SI*.

Red also compliments us on the quality of our writing and the fact that, as he puts it, the articles always "have been researched properly and that's important."

Gerald R. Ford of Washington, D.C. has the last word. "Along with countless other sport fans, I welcomed the appearance of *SI* 20 years ago," he writes. "You have covered the world of athletic competition with a freshness, imagination and expertise that has truly earned the success it enjoys today. Congratulations."

As we take pride—pardonable, we trust—in such kind words about the past from many members of our family, we want to renew our pledge to all of them: to continue publishing the best weekly newsmagazine of sport any staff is capable of writing and illustrating.

To our charter members—happy anniversary. To all our readers—join the family for the next 20 years.

Sack Meyer



It is two million years ago. On an African savanna, a strange creature browses for food. He looks something like an ape and also like a man. He walks on two legs—yet his forehead is low and sloping, his jaw thrusts forward. He doesn't know it—but he represents a giant step forward in evolution. For he is the "missing link" between ape and man . . .

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BOOKS**

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THE EMERGENCE OF MAN

... filled with the latest discoveries that now make it possible for you to penetrate the mysterious origins of life and the 20,000 generations of man.

Begin with
The Missing Link
yours to enjoy free for 10 days



Cultured charts like this make the evolutionary processes easy to understand.

Today, that creature who first ventured to raise himself above the other animals no longer exists; he has become you. Unique Set apart from the 2 million other species living on the planet by a thumb that makes your hand a precision tool . . . by a knee that "locks" you in a comfortable upright position . . . and by your capacity for abstract thought and speech. All this, and more, has enabled your species to dominate the earth. And yet you share, with every other creature that ever lived, the same origins—the same accident that led to the spontaneous creation of the first single-celled algae 3.5 billion years ago.

How did it all happen? What was the evolutionary process that led to Man and his conquest of a harsh and hostile environment? You will find the amazing story in TIME-LIFE BOOKS' new series, THE EMERGENCE OF MAN.

Your introductory volume, *The Missing Link*, shows you the stranger-than-science-fiction world of Australopithecus, the age man. You'll feel a sense of immediacy and visual adventure in the incredibly lifelike pictorial technique photo-painting. And a fact-filled text enriched with over 100 illustrations gives you fascinating new answers to age-old questions about the evolution of man.

The answers come from some of the world's most eminent authorities on anthropology, archeology, zoology and paleoanthropology: Margaret Mead; Sherwood L. Washburn; Bernard Campbell and Ralph

Solecki. They have helped create the most authentic, up-to-date library of books on this subject available today. Once you've experienced the high adventure of *The Missing Link*, you'll eagerly anticipate the rest of the books in the series. In books such as *Life Before Man*, *The First Men*, *Cromagnon Man* and *The First Cities*, you'll witness the development of all the characteristics that make men human.

For an unforgettable trip into the origins of everything you are and know, take advantage of our introductory offer: Examine *The Missing Link* for 10 days. If it doesn't make you want to own it, send it back. If you do keep it, pay just \$5.95 (\$6.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling, and we will then send you other volumes in THE EMERGENCE OF MAN series at the rate of one approximately every other month, on the same free examination terms. You may cancel this arrangement at any time. For your introductory volume, send the order form or write to: Time-Life Books, Dept. 3302, Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 60681.

Plus an absolutely Free Wall Chart & Map

Depicts milestones in the evolution of man. Suitable for home, office, or schoolroom. In color, 30 1/2 x 20 inches, it's yours to keep as a gift for accepting our 10-day trial offer.



Dramatic "photomontages" — based on recent scientific findings — show how the "missing link" (*Australopithecus*) looked about two million years ago. About 4½ feet tall and 50 pounds, he was not the "hairy ape-man" once supposed.



Do you know:

- why the human fetus has gills?
- when man first began to bury his dead?
- when the nuclear family began?
- how cooking food changed man's face?
- how speech evolved?
- why man can speak and apes can't?
- what dinosaurs were really like and what enabled them to rule the earth for 135 million years?
- what the latest findings are on "the missing link"?
- in what way Neanderthal Man was "religious"?
- if any creature except man use tools?
- whether or not there are still Neanderthals among us?
- if the land near the South Pole could once have been sub-tropical?

Among Other Volumes:

*Life Before Man • Cro-Magnon Man •
The Neanderthals • The Monument Builders*

- Hardbound, with full-color cover
- 9 x 10 inches, 35,000 words
- 160 pages, over 40 in full-color
- Complete index and bibliography





A man and a woman are sitting on a porch, peeling ears of corn. The man is wearing a yellow polo shirt and a light-colored apron. The woman is wearing a green floral shirt and a green apron. They are both smiling and looking at each other. In the foreground, there is a large wooden basket filled with ears of corn. To the right, there is a small table with a glass of yellow liquid and some corn cobs. The background shows a white door and some greenery.

The Sunstroke.

(Sometimes less is more.)

For a long time we clung to the notion that longer days called for longer drinks. That any suggestion we made for summer ought to be served in a tall glass. The neatness of that logic, we now realize, blinded us to its flaws.

What matters, obviously, is not how long a drink is, but how good. So before you pack all your stubby little glasses in mothballs, you might want to try a Sunstroke



A bottle of Smirnoff vodka and a glass of Sunstroke drink. The bottle is clear with a red label that says "SMIRNOFF" and "VODKA". The glass is short and filled with a yellow liquid and ice.

To make a Sunstroke, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff and 3 oz. grapefruit juice into a short glass with ice. Add a little Triple Sec or sugar and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless™

Before you sign up for one of those "money saving" telephone systems, make sure it's really going to save you money.



One of these days, somebody is going to walk into your office, hand you his card, and tell you how he's going to save you "anywhere from 10% to 40% on your monthly telephone costs."

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Right on!

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Smoothly impressive bourbon made from
choicest grain and aged 8 years to perfect
maturity. Its buyers demand the best.

WALKER'S DELUXE

That elegant straight-8



SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CREIGHTON

MODEST PROPOSALS

Next week ABC sports will preview the NCAA college football season. The hour-long telecast, a network release says, will "take an unusual and in-depth look" at the teams that experts predict will battle for No. 1—Notre Dame, Ohio State, USC, Alabama, Penn State and Oklahoma.

Oklahoma? The last time the NCAA was heard from on this subject it was going to pretend that the Sooners did not even exist, they were in such bad odor for alleged recruiting violations. They will not be seen in action on NCAA television games this year, they cannot go to a bowl and the college coaches will not vote for them in the weekly UPI Coaches Poll. And yet they are in the NCAA preview.

The ambiguous nature of Oklahoma's banishment puts us in mind of what, when we first heard of them after last season, struck us as two of the more bizarre schemes yet proposed for dealing with the three troublesome Rs of college football—Recruiting, Revenue and Reputation. Now we wonder.

One plan, developed by Dr. Milton C. David, a Modesto, Calif. orthopedic surgeon, and Dr. Jack Graves, professor of education at California State College in Stanislaus, proposes a college draft to replace the present recruiting of high school athletes. Like the pros, schools at a conference would draft in reverse order of their league standing at the end of the previous season. According to the plan's authors, this would save money, put a stop to dynasties and steer the less successful schools away from the unrespectable paths they have been forced to follow in order to become respectable. Best, it would take the pressure off the athletes by deciding for them where they will matriculate. They won't mind losing their freedom of choice, reasons Dr. David, who has recruited in California for 10 years, since star athletes "are being bought anyway, regardless of what people say."

William Wagner, a New Jersey buff, suggests that to help meet rising expenses the colleges should band together and negotiate agreements with the professional leagues, guaranteeing reimbursements to the colleges for any athletes signed to pro contracts. The colleges, Wagner argues, act as the pros' minor leagues, anyway, and should realize some gain from the arrangement. To get the professionals to go along, the colleges might have to drop big-time sports for three or so years, but in the end they would win. And they would do a good job training the athletes, since in preparing them for professional careers they would be more concerned with how they performed on the field or court than in the classroom.

There seems to be a maddening logic in all this to delight the sternest of cautions. But good sense?

EVEL OMEN

The permit granted by the Idaho Land Board to Evel Knievel for his Sky-Cycle leap across Snake River Canyon is 1313.

BLOWOUT

Coach Rick Forzano gave a pep talk to the Detroit Lions before their exhibition game with the Oakland Raiders.

"President Ford will be watching," he said.

The team was impressed.

"Our president, William Clay Ford," Forzano added.

William Clay Ford's Lions lost 41-10.

TRENDY TIP

If baseball is ever to have a black major league manager, the chances are growing mathematically that he will have to come from the ranks of the recently retired or the soon to be retired. The number of young blacks in the minor leagues has been declining steadily. Where five years ago 40% of the new talent was black, now the ratio has decreased to less than 15%.

Various reasons have been given for

the trend—many more blacks are going to college; black athletes, in college and out, seem to prefer basketball and football. Could it be, however, that they see greater opportunity in the other two sports? It is a question that baseball people, who seem serious about wanting to expand, would do well to ponder.

TURTLE TRAP

That lumbering reptile, the diamond-back terrapin, possibly still outlives a legendary hare or two in Cape May County, N.J., but more often it has been running a fatal second to automobiles steered by heedless or cruel drivers. Car and turtle meet when the female of the species crosses a road on her trek to the warm ocean sands, where she lays her eggs. The result always is thunk.



Marion Armacost, wife of the mayor of Avalon, erected turtle-crossing signs—like deer, turtles tend to travel along well-worn paths—but these were torn down as collectors' items. The county has now installed sturdier yellow signs that warn CAUTION—TURTLE XING.

But, hush, a friend of ours knows a guy who has heard of a guy who thinks more direct action is needed. He manufactures and places in strategic locations a fine imitation turtle that has under its soft, appealing shell a few nails driven through the baseboard and pointing up. Instead of a thunk, the sound is more like BLAM!

continued

CLOAK AND STAGGER

The Spirits of St. Louis, relocated American Basketball Association franchise, reached a new high, or low, in plugging security leaks before announcing that their new coach would be Bob MacKinnon. They spirited the former assistant coach of the NBA Buffalo Braves into the Chase-Park Plaza Hotel and registered him as Rod Thorn, who happened to be the other top candidate for the job. Only one problem. When Spirit front office people tried to call MacKinnon, they had him paged as Thorn and MacKinnon did not answer. Moral of the story: take the hang-out route.

BIG DADDY

After 18 years gathering dust in our national attic, the Smithsonian Institution, Exhibit No. 16020 will be returned to its rightful place in the Hall of Osteology, the natural history museum.

Exhibit No. 16020 is the skeleton of Lexington, the best thoroughbred of his age (1852-55) at two, three and four years and afterward America's finest sire. His

16 crops of 533 reported foals produced 238 winners. Lexington led the sire list from 1861 until two years after his death in 1875. One of his sons was Preakness, for whom the classic was named; three others were Preakness winners—Tom Ochiltree (1875), Shurley (1876) and Duke of Magenta (1878).

In 1878 A. J. Alexander, owner of Kentucky's Woodburn Stud, agreed to let the Smithsonian have Lexington's skeleton. The bones were disinterred, assembled, mounted, and for about 78 years displayed in a corner of the museum.

Then, in 1956, there was a reorganization of exhibits and old Lexington was packed away with other mammals under its rafters. One of the first to miss him was a racing writer for the *Washington Post* who went looking a few years ago and wrote a piece for his paper about Lexington's exile. Talk caused of lending the bones to the racing museum at Saratoga, but nothing came of that. Finally, responding to the urging of the American Horse Council, Dr. Henry Setzer, curator of the Smithsonian's Divi-

sion of Mammals, announced that Lexington would be dusted off and brought back downstairs. In October he will be once more on display.

There have been more dramatic stories of equine rescue, from *Black Beauty* to Disney's *The Miracle of the White Stallions*, but the Rehabilitation of Exhibit No. 16020 has the rattle of truth.

SQUASH SQUASHER

When Heather McKay turned professional earlier this year, she said, "I intend to retire without another loss." This was hardly good news for her competition, which might gladly have preferred a simple declarative sentence like, "I quit." Mrs. McKay, you see, has not lost to another woman since 1962.

Heather McKay's game is squash. The *London Times*, which called her "one of the greatest figures in the history of sport," said, "It is doubtful that anyone has dominated a sport to such an extent as the Australian girl." It is hard to argue with the *Times*. Now 33, Mrs. McKay, whose husband Brian is a pro-

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21 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MARCH '74.

LONG ON TASTE

fessional squash coach in Brisbane, has won the British Women's Squash Championship 13 years in a row. This year she took the finals in 23 minutes, 9-2, 9-1, 9-2. The year before she lost only two points in the final and the year earlier, four. Generally, she wraps up title matches in a quarter to a half an hour.

She was honored with a Member of the British Empire in 1969 and last year the Helms Athletic Foundation struck a special medal for her, the first time that squash had been recognized in its Hall of Fame. She will go after her 14th-straight world title this winter and bids fair to become this era's Pierre Eichebaster, the court tennis king who retired for lack of competition in 1954 at the age of 60 after dominating his sport for 26 years. For anybody riching in the wings, a word of advice: try a new sport.

LINKSMANSHIP

For the record, Gerald Ford is no Dwight Eisenhower when it comes to presidential golf. That is the conclusion of Arnold Palmer, who played frequently with the

34th President and has gone an occasional pro-am with No. 38. "Ike was better than President Ford," said Palmer, "but Ford could be pretty good if he got to play more." Looking on the brighter side, Palmer added, "He's still a lot better than Spiro Agnew."

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

John Merritt, football coach at Tennessee State, thinks he has solved the problem of overweight players. None of the football pants he ordered this season has a waist size larger than 34 inches.

FUGUE FOR TINHORNS

The Justice Department has reported to a Congressionally appointed commission that in 1973 Americans bet between \$29 and \$39 billion illegally. That is approximately equal to the combined budgets of California, New York, Pennsylvania and Texas. Surprisingly, only 10% of that amount was bet on horses and only 64.02% on sports of any kind.

In New York City alone the annual illicit handle was \$4.2 billion. Average

that out to \$531.99 for every man, woman and child. And New Yorkers have more than the usual number of opportunities to gamble legally—a state lottery, the Off-Track Betting Corporation, two major thoroughbred tracks and two important harness tracks.

If the Big Apple is an indication of the way things are, the urban American bookie is not about to be placed on anybody's list of endangered species.

THEY SAID IT

- Sparky Anderson of the Cincinnati Reds, asked why his players don't sing the national anthem: "Most of us have such bad voices we respect the national anthem by not singing it."
- Larry Crosby, informed that Beng could not invite women to the Crosby because the PGA contract specifies males: "It wasn't too long ago the PGA bylaws said 'Caucasian Males.'"
- Ilie Nastase, asked if peace will ever come to tennis: "Too much money involved. When not so much money in tennis, not any problems."

END



STRANGERS IN PARADISE

The front-running Red Sox have put all New England on Elysian pins and needles, but they are so venturesome, so different from their predecessors, that they seem to be men from another league

by MARK MULVOY

It was only a matter of time before one of Boston's finest would approach the young couple relaxing on a blanket beside the Charles. Like the other sun worshippers stretched out along the river from the Haich Shell to the Harvard Business School, these kids were guzzling the nectar of the gods at an intoxicating rate and listening to a pocket transistor radio that was turned up loud. But they were sunning themselves in the nude, and while *en naturel* may be acceptable at Big Sur, it is banned in Boston. So now the policeman stood next to the naked couple, and what did he say? "Hey," he said, pointing to the blaring radio, "how're the Sox doing?"

Man, the Sox are dom' just fine. They are impersonating some of those aggressive teams over in the National League and, with a 4½-game lead over Cleveland on Sunday, securing victory in the American League East. What the Red Sox really are doing, though, is ruining the summer vacations of millions of New Englanders. Families still flock to beaches along the jagged Maine coast and down on the Cape and out on Narragansett Bay, and they still swarm to the cool mountain lakes up north, but life wears a worried face when the Sox are locked in a pennant fight. They are the Sox, mind you, not the Red Sox. If you call

them the Red Sox, people know immediately that you are from New Jersey or Kentucky or Utah or maybe some other world.

In the summer of '74 New England man takes his radio or his portable television set with him wherever he goes. Golfers keep radios in their bags or on their carts to check on the Sox score between strokes, improvising still another excuse for a poor shot: "I shanked that ball at the seventh because Yaz had just hit into a double play with the bases loaded." Yaz, not Carl Yastrzemski. If you say Carl Yastrzemski in New England, people know you are from Mississippi or Saskatchewan. One sun addict at Popponesset Beach on Cape Cod watched a Sox game on television while sitting with his feet in the ocean, thanks to what must have been the world's longest outdoor extension cord—to be precise, seven 50-foot wires spliced together and running from a kitchen outlet across the dunes and down to the water's edge.

Despite their flaming love affair with the Sox, the people in New England don't seem to understand them anymore. "These guys are really different," said super fan Henry Berry, sounding almost like a jilted lover. Berry lives in Danvers, Conn. and is vice-president/historian of the BLOHARDS, The Benevolent Loy-

al Order of Honorable and Ancient Red Sox Orchard Sufferers make occasional chartered-bus trips from Connecticut to Fenway Park to see their Sox live, and last week Berry sat there in stunned disbelief as he watched the Sox play the Minnesota Twins. "These aren't the old Sox," he intoned.

O.K., call them the Boston Red Sox Dodgers. In the old days, like last season, the Sox won games only when they beat down The Wall in left field with line drives, which was not very often. Running? To the pay window, maybe, but not on the field. Defense? That's the position Bobby Orr plays for the Bruins. Sport? The Sox clubhouse was the scene of so many subversive plots that the CIA, the FBI and the CYO could not have kept track of who was doing what to whom.

The new Sox play daredevil baseball. "We're a National League team," claims Reggie Cleveland, who had pitched for the St. Louis Cardinals the four previous seasons. In a July game against Baltimore, Outfielder Dewey Evans stole home while the Orioles were preoccupied trying to prevent Catcher Bob Montgomery from stealing second base. Montgomery

continued

Rookie Shortstop Rick Burroughs, forcing a Tolt, is a prime symbol of the new Sox.



ery, who lumbers, already has stolen three bases, or two more than he had pilfered in the last eight years. In a game against the Yankees the Sox worked a boldly successful two-strike suicide squeeze with Bernie Carbo at the plate and Rico Petrocelli, no Lou Brock, chugging down the line from third base. And they beat the Athletics 2-1 when Rick Miller scored shortly after stealing second and then Tommy Harper raced around from first with the winning run on a blooper down the left-field line.

"We make things happen now," says Yastrzemski. "We don't wait for the long ball off The Wall anymore." Yastrzemski and Evans gleefully befuddled the Twins last Saturday with base running that produced a score for the Sox. Yastrzemski was at second and Evans was at first, and brash rookie Shortstop Rick Burleson bounced a routine double-play ball to Minnesota Second Baseman Jerry Terrell. Rather than flip the ball to the shortstop for the forceout, Terrell tried to tag Evans. But Evans stopped abruptly, began to backtrack—and the confused Terrell had to throw the ball to first base to retire Burleson. Craig Kusack then tossed the ball to Terrell, who noticed that Yastrzemski had rounded third base and was headed for the plate. Forgetting Evans, he pegged the ball home in an attempt to get Yastrzemski, but Yaz beat

the throw easily. Evans smartly continued to second base and then scored on Doug Graffin's single to left field.

For Sox fans still haunted by the memories of such blunderers as Boozie Buddin and Stonelingers Stuart, the new look is astonishing. It was planned that way. When Darrell Johnson replaced Eddie Kasko as manager, he said the Red Sox would be a go-get-'em team with solid pitching, tight defense and no—repeat no—palace revolts. In rapid order the Sox traded away Reggie Smith and Lynn McGlothen, among others, acquired Pitchers Rick Wise, Diego Segui, Juan Marichal and Cleveland; promoted Burleson, Centerfielder Juan Betancourt and Designated Hitter Cecil Cooper from Pawtucket, and produced a new uniform design that features bright red socks instead of blue socks with red and white stripes. The Red Sox are the red socks at long last.

What Johnson did not know as he planned his order of battle was that Wise would prove to be practically useless because of a variety of arm ailments; that arm troubles would also keep Marichal disabled for 10 weeks; that Cleveland would throw home-run pitches instead of strikes; and that Catcher Carlton Fisk, the player the team could least afford to lose, would suffer crippling groin and knee injuries and end his season in June.

"If it were not for our injuries," says Yastrzemski, "I don't think there would be any race to worry about right now."

Marichal has returned with a kicking flourish, winning three games and permitting only one run in his last 26 innings. He admittedly had poor stuff during the six innings he worked against the Twins last Friday night, but he bewilderment with an assortment of off-speed pitches and screwballs that he released from a dozen different positions in his delivery. Marichal is probably the only right-hander in the American League who throws a screwball, a pitch that breaks sharply down and in against right-handed batters and down and away from left-handers. Marichal faced Rod Carew three times, and each time he double-kicked and got him out with a screwball that left Carew wondering what that baseball was doing behaving like that.

Marichal's style perfectly complements the tricky deliveries of Luis Tiant, who won his 18th and 19th games for the Sox by shutting out California 3-0 last week and beating the Twins 9-6 on Sunday. During the winter Tiant embraced a new religion in Mexico, and according to the rules of the sect he is supposed to shun public places, make no public utterances and wear only white for an entire year. Fortunately for the Red Sox, Tiant received dispensations that allow him to pitch in major league baseball parks and wear the Red Sox red.

All credit to pitchers pious or profane, but beyond anything else Johnson's Red Sox are notable for the exuberance of their youth. At least four young newcomers play regularly because, as Johnson says, "I managed them at Pawtucket and know they can do the job." When Fisk was injured, Johnson recalled 21-year-old Tim Blackwell from Pawtucket, even though he was hitting only .192, and moved him right into the lineup. Blackwell is near .270 for the Red Sox and has hurt them behind the plate only once.

Rooster Burleson, a 23-year-old graduate of the Pete Rose-Eddie Stanky school of baseball belligerence, is probably the cockiest Boston rookie since another Californian by the name of Ted Williams predicted great things for himself about 35 years ago. Replacing the retired Luis Aparicio, Burleson is hitting a strong .300 and has taken charge of the infield. "It's got to be that way," he says. "I keep telling myself that I've got to run things out there. I've shown

Sox-happy youngsters press for autographs with a gusto that is one of Fenway's delights





Owner Tom Yawkey is the most infant Sox fan.

Rico was not all that steady the other night, having just finished a pepper steak submarine sandwich with onions, cheese, tomatoes and enough oil to fill a Libyan tanker. "Why does my stomach feel so awful?" he asked unnecessarily. Last season he had said he would quit if he were not traded. His elbow was filled with calcium deposits, bone chips, torn muscles and scar tissue. He had no feeling in two fingers. His bat and his glove both had holes. And the Boston fans were booing him mercilessly. Then Petrocelli, always a brooder, met Pat Jantamaso, a former Las Vegas singer turned evangelist, and adopted a new outlook. "I stopped letting myself be bothered by all the little things that went wrong," he says. "Now when a game's over I just go home."

When Petrocelli and the Red Sox returned to Boston last week after losing two of three games to the Angels, Owner Tom Yawkey visited the clubhouse to try to lift any sagging spirits. Nolan Ryan had struck out a record 19 Red Sox batters in one game and a rookie named Frank Tanana had shut them out in another. "I've seen Tanana pitch," Yawkey said, "and he's tough. He's got a good arm. Maybe he's a little flaky, but he's young, and when he gets his breaking ball over he can beat anybody."

Let no one doubt that Yawkey, at 71, is an active owner and a perceptive baseball man. "Did you see the TV game the other night?" he asked no one in particular. "Gowdy and Kubek kept asking where Rose was on that double that landed just inside the left-field foul line. They said he broke late on the ball, and they kept showing the replay. Hell, don't they know that on those new fields—which I don't like, by the way—the outfielders play closer together to prevent triples and give up the double down the line. The ball was fair by inches."

Yawkey works out daily at Fenway, playing pepper with the clubhouse men or the batboys. He insists that he never interferes with Johnson's decisions. "I manage from my box upstairs," he says.

Yawkey invited the injured Fisk to join him in his private box for the first game of the Minnesota series on Friday night. "Human beings are the most important things in life," Yawkey said. "I like to know the character of my guys, and the only way to do that is by talking to them. Like when I introduced myself to young Blackwell. We talked for 20 minutes, and afterward I told Darrell that Blackwell

is one of those 21-year-old kids who acts 27, not 17."

More than 33,000 New Englanders watched the game with Yawkey and Fisk. The Sox lead the American League with an attendance of nearly 1.1 million, and to this game, as to all games played in Fenway, the people came in all sizes and all shapes, wearing everything and (almost) nothing, arriving by chartered bus from Montpelier, Vt., by subway from Charlestown and by car from Marblehead. The high school and college kids came with their girl friends and sat in the bleachers, sipping the beer they had smuggled in. The crowd cheered Marshall when he walked to the bullpen for his pregame warmup and they cheered him when he ran to the mound to start the game. They cheered Bob Veale when he came on in relief to strike out Rod Carew and Tony Oliva. They cheered Burleson when he initiated two line double plays. And they cheered Juan Beniquez when he singled home the winning run with the bases loaded in the bottom of the ninth inning.

Oh yes, they booed Yazstrzemski when he struck out in his first two at bats.

END

Seether Rico Petrocelli has slimmered down.



them I can play, so they accept me."

In the field Burleson has better than average range and perhaps the strongest arm in the league. The arm often saves him from embarrassment because he tends to hold the ball too long before firing it to first on routine plays.

Bobby Murcer of the Yankees and Don Baylor of the Orioles have crashed hard into Burleson at second base, testing his desire to stay in the majors. "They won't do it again," Burleson says. "because I'll lowball them. I'll get the ball coming right at them—and that other stuff will end. Like Toby Harrah of the Rangers. He throws so low to first base on double plays, guys start sliding when they're halfway to the bag."

As Johnson anticipated, Burleson's style—cockiness tempered with a bility—has infected the Red Sox veterans, most of whom never knew what a rambunctious rookie was like. Yazstrzemski, Petrocelli and Second Baseman Duke Grifflin have batted close to .300 all season and played with the flair of Jersey Street Prep rather than the Olde Towne Team, while 22-year-old Dwight Evans has matured into a solid .290 hitter and the league's best rightfielder in just his second full season. "Petrocelli has been the steadiest day-to-day player on the club," Johnson says.

A HOLDING PATTERN FOR LITTLE CURRENT

The Belmont winner and speedy Chris Evert both were beaten by the same outsider who stopped the Current three weeks ago by WHITNEY TOWER

Saratoga wondered all week whether Chris Evert, the 3-year-old filly champion, could beat Little Current, the 3-year-old colt who had won the Preukness and the Belmont so convincingly. The mile-and-a-quarter Travers would settle the debate between those who held to the theory that good 3-year-old fillies seldom beat good 3-year-old colts and those who felt that Chris Evert could be a great filly and, therefore, had a good shot at making history.

And it surely would be history: in the 104 previous runnings of the Travers, fillies had won only five times, the last being Lady Rotha in 1915 (the same year that

another filly, Regret, became the only member of her sex to win the Kentucky Derby). Since then at least two other top fillies had challenged the males in the Travers, Resaca in 1959 and the champion Cicada in 1962, and both failed badly.

Three Saratoga visitors who were not buying either side of the argument were Bob Schleicher, a Kentucky breeder, John Gerbas Jr., a 27-year-old Minnesotan who pilots executive jets, and Trainer J. J. (Buddy) Sauer Jr., who handles the three horses of this minor racing partnership. Two weeks before the Travers they had taken an undersized

gelding of theirs named Holding Pattern to New Jersey and pulled off a \$16,00 upset when the son of Old Bag (a son of Bagdad) barely hung on to edge Little Current by a nose in the Monmouth Invitational Handicap. John Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm contingent was inclined to blame Little Current's defeat that day on an overconfident and ill-timed ride by jockey Miguel Rivera, and on the fact that the Preukness and Belmont winner was giving away 10 pounds to Holding Pattern.

Jet pilot Gerbas was not convinced. "Sure, Little Current is good," he told the folks in Saratoga, "but he's no Secretariat. We figured if we could beat him once getting 10 pounds, we were capable of doing it again getting only five. Still, in a race like the Travers I'd be more than happy to be second."

When the Travers was run on a rainy afternoon over a frightfully sloppy track, it proved two things. One was that Chris Evert could not beat Little Current, and the other was that Holding Pattern, who came off no serious works and who

Chris Evert's pink silks are still unmodulated as the field enters the stretch, but Holding Pattern, the small horse to her right, is about to move past.



had not had a race over the track, could beat them both. There were many among the 30,652, including most of the Galbreath clan, who felt the Travers proved still a third point: that Jockey Rivera had succeeded in putting together two consecutive badly judged races on Little Current after riding him so flawlessly in the Preakness and the Belmont. He did not get him to the wire in time at Monmouth, and this time he moved Little Current from ninth in the 11-horse field just late enough to miss catching Holding Pattern by a short head.

When Greentree Stable's Hatcher Man was scratched because of the slop, it appeared that the race would be a sort of two-act show: first an early speed duel between Chris Evert and Accipiter, and then the typical late charge at the leaders by Little Current, with the rest of the field, including Holding Pattern, somewhere in between the principals and not overly dangerous.

It did not work out entirely that way. Menocal took the early lead, followed first by T.V. Newscaster and then by Chris Evert. Accipiter gave it a spirited early try, but could not keep up and finished last. Meanwhile, Jockey Mike Macelet was never worse than sixth with Holding Pattern and he moved the gelding to fourth after Chris Evert took the lead on the backstretch and ticked off the first six furlongs in 1:12, with Accipiter and Menocal struggling wearily in the mud behind her. Lengths back of the leaders, with slop being thrown at him from every direction, Little Current had but two horses behind him.

Turning for home at the end of the mile, there was marvelous Chrissie still in the lead. She passed the quarter pole ahead of all 10 of her male rivals in a magnificent display of courage, and she was not about to quit. But she was not going to win, either. Holding Pattern slipped through on the inside to gain second place and, finally, the lead by a length over Chris at the eighth pole. And there was Little Current doing his usual late number in the middle of the track. From ninth he had moved to seventh, and now with only an eighth of a mile to run he was in fourth place, four lengths behind Holding Pattern.

Plodding gamely through the goo, he made up all but one head, but that head

represented the \$69,660 winner's share of the \$116,100 purse. If Holding Pattern had been a surprise beating Little Current by a nose at Monmouth, he was even more of one at Saratoga where his payoff was \$27.40. More than four lengths to the rear of Little Current, Chris Evert saved third place by 2½ lengths over a 68-to-1 long shot called Prince of Reason. Scattered in the rack were Park Guard, Gold and Myrrh, T.V. Newscaster, Kan Run, Menocal, Sea Songster and Accipiter. The winning time of 2:05½ was very slow, but excusable under the circumstances.

The results of the Travers should generate even more interest in the second running of the Marlboro Cup at Belmont Park on Sept. 14. There, the best of the 3-year-olds of both sexes can challenge such top older horses as Forego and True Knight.

"I know we're interested in the Marlboro Cup for Holding Pattern," said Gerbas after the Travers, "but we'll go to Chicago first, and we may run back in the American Derby on the grass." Gerbas, who has been in racing four years, and Schleicher did not go to Holding Pattern's family tree for his name (his dam, Miss Caesar, is by All Blue) or to some exotic story for the stable's racing silks of white, purple and gold. One day, as Gerbas was circling endlessly over a New York airport awaiting landing instructions, the name Holding Pattern suddenly seemed highly appropriate. And inasmuch as the plane he was flying was painted in the colors of the Minnesota Vikings, why shouldn't his silks be the same? Around the barn they call Holding Pattern "Shorty," and neither Trainer Sarner nor his owners feel their tiny charge needs strenuous training. Before the Travers, which was his first start in a race as long as a mile and a quarter, all Holding Pattern did in five days at Saratoga was walk and gallop. "He doesn't need much," said Sarner.

Despite his long odds at Monmouth and Saratoga, Holding Pattern is not quite an unknown. Last year he won six of nine races, including a division of the Champagne at Belmont. But he chipped a knee last fall and had to sit out the 1974 Triple Crown events. His first race of this season came on the same day Little Current was winning the Preakness.

Holding Pattern won a modest one-mile allowance race that afternoon at Churchill Downs, of all places. And now, while such early-season stars as Cannonade, Judger and Agitate are having their problems, here is Holding Pattern with 10 wins in 15 lifetime starts and earnings of \$275,457.

There is no disgrace in finishing behind the likes of Holding Pattern and Little Current, and Chris Evert is far from discredited. In running so well in two 10-furlong races only a week apart, she probably showed more ability than she did in her winning match race against Miss Musket. After losing the Alabama the previous Saturday by a neck to Quaze Quilt, she may well have been due for a rest. But Owner Carl Rosen and Trainer Joe Trovato, who have long wanted to see her tackle the colts, went against the majority of professional opinion and ran her back in the Travers. "I know we'll be criticized if Chris Evert loses," said Trovato beforehand. "That's always the way. But that's part of racing. The only reason we're doing it is that she came out of the Alabama so well that it wouldn't be fair not to give her this chance against colts."

As for Galbreath, Trainer Lou Rondinello and the Little Current supporters, two defeats to Holding Pattern do not mean the end of the world. Or even the end of the year. The Marlboro Cup may be the next race for the chestnut, who was syndicated for \$4 million during Travers week, and Galbreath is not ruling out a trip to France in October for the mile-and-a-half Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe over the Longchamp turf.

"I've never won either the Travers or the Arc," says Galbreath, whose Robert finished a disappointing seventh in the Paris classic two years ago. "I'd love to try the Arc with Little Current. For one thing, his action is so perfect that I have no worries about his ability to handle grass. He could run over anything. And the farther the better."

"But there are lots of details still to be worked out. The timing of the trip, the choice of a jockey, the possible assistance of a French trainer, etc. The main point is that racing is still supposed to be a sport, and as far as I'm concerned making a sporting try is the name of the game." **END**

IT'S ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY—BUT

The Los Angeles Rams love their boss and their boss loves them and they all have their eyes on the Super Bowl, and wouldn't it be lovely? Still, if the striking NFL players walk out again, the Rams may, too **by RON REID**

It was another of those infernal afternoons, loaded with free agents, rookies and other new faces, currently threatening the sanity of equipment men in the National Football League. Jack Geyer, a Los Angeles Rams public relations man, had called Don Hewitt, the team's locker-room quartermaster, to find out which jersey numbers would be assigned to a glut of new arrivals at the team's Fullerton, Calif. training camp. Hewitt, for whom the bloated rosters and number switching caused by the players' strike has been a personal affront, went down his list and finally exploded. "Damn musical-chair idiots! I'm gonna give the next guy No. 110!"

Apart from the numbers game and a memorable practice that produced 11 fumbles between a quarterback and center, the Rams did better than most teams during the 42 days of picketing. Other clubs experienced insults, vindictive trades, fistfights and a bitterness that threatens to extend into the regular season. None of those evils befell the Rams, who boast of a concept called "The Rams Family" and talent enough to take the next Super Bowl. Were their professional existence more harsh, their future less bright and Carroll Rosenbloom a tyrant rather than the game's most benevolent owner, it would be easier for the Rams players to hard-line it. As it is, those who believe the players' strike has been broken point to the Rams as prima facie evidence.

When the team's veterans reported to camp for the 14-day "cooling-off" period, management and the local press alike felt they were there for good. That opinion may have been premature, for the Rams' grievances were directed at the structure of the NFL, not at Rosenbloom, whose concern for his players made a militant union stance uncomfortable for many of them. "It would be

simple," said one player, "if all of us had played for someone like George Halas." It is tempting to suggest that if every owner enjoyed a relationship with his team similar to Rosenbloom's with the Rams, there would have been no strike.

There is also the nagging feeling that for Los Angeles the ultimate cost of a protracted strike may be the Super Bowl. Under Coach Chuck Knox, the Rams won a division championship last season before stumbling against Dallas in a snake-bitten playoff game. Leading the NFL in total offense, total defense and scoring, they had a 12-2 record, the finest in the club's history.

"It's harder for a good team to fight this battle than a dog team," said Tom Mack, the All-Pro guard who is also the team's player rep. "You have more to lose. A team that isn't going anywhere can afford to stay out longer. Another thing that has been hard for us is understanding that other owners don't treat their players the way Carroll treats us. It's difficult to resist an attitude when you haven't been affected by it."

Which is not to say that the Rams have forgotten the reason for the strike and will merely write off the experience as a failed tactic if no agreement is reached by Aug. 28, when the cooling-off period ends.

"Many of us feel we may be walking out again," said linebacker Isiah Robinson, "although no one wants to say so. Because of that, it looks as though a lot of guys who support the strike and believe in the things we want are daydreaming. I look around in practice and I see it. It's something that's hanging over our heads. It's on a lot of guys' minds."

"The fact we're in camp," said Defensive Back Dave Elmendorf, "is a show of good faith. It has nothing to do with us losing the strike. There's no way we'll play the season without an agreement."

As Mack is painfully aware, that hard-line attitude is unpopular in Southern California, which is hardly a citadel of trade unionism. The target of hate mail, Mack also suffered the defection of his children's baby-sitter after a newspaper quoted his view that the Teamsters Union could become involved with the Players Association. "When her father read that," Mack said, "he wouldn't let her sit for us anymore." Ironically, Mack is a moderate in the Players Association, whose members have sometimes criticized him for not taking a tougher stance against management.

"I'll be honest about it," he said. "The biggest thing for me is winning the championship. The only way to do that is for me to keep my team together. I knew I couldn't get them to all go in together, so I wanted to make sure I kept them all out together. I've tried to approach this thing by what is right and what is realistic."

For Les Josephson, a 10-year running back who ranks third on the Rams' all-time rushing list but saw limited duty last season, the strike may prove even more costly. The competition at his position this year includes Heisman Trophy winner John Cappelletti, the team's No. 1 draft choice, and 24-year-old Lawrence McCutcheon, who gained 1,697 yards last year.

"I looked at the possibility that if I went along with the strike it might cost me my job," Josephson said, "but there are other things involved that are more important, not only for me but for players in the future. I'm not knocking the treatment I have had with the Rams. It's some things inherent in the structure of pro football. Besides, I've had writers trying to replace me now for about six years. Perhaps that will be the year. I don't know. I do know I'm a good football player and I know I can play. Even so,



Veteran Josephson risked his job by striking.

of the frustrations caused by coaching rusty or unskilled players. "We'll never mention the strike, no matter what kind of a job a guy does or what kind of shape he's in. To do so would be unfair."

The veterans' return was hardly the end of Knox' problems, as his squad suddenly swelled to 80. "Now there are five people at a position instead of three," he said. "Do you extend the practice time to make sure each person gets enough work?" Knox answered his own question

than a space focus. It's the same application as the five elements in a golf swing. If you have trouble with one of them you concentrate on improving that one and the other four just naturally follow. The football field is just an extension of the classroom."

As last Saturday night's exhibition game against Kansas City proved, the Rams are a quick study: they smashed the Chiefs 58-16. Of course, that performance might have been valued more if the Chiefs had brought their experienced troops to the Coliseum—only six veterans were with Hank Stram's traveling squad. Even so, the win placated Los Angeles fans who worried that the Rams' football concentration might be thrown off by the strike.

As for Knox, he refused to admit that the strike would affect his club's potential, or even that it has been frustrating.

"It might be," he conceded, "but if I said so, it would be a cop-out. We're going to catch up. No outside action is going to interfere with our line focus. We're going to work. We've been waiting for this since we came off the field last December at Dallas."

RNO



Rookie Cappelletti was able to show his skills.

there was no decision for me to deliberate. There was only one way to go."

For his part, Rosenbloom spoke of "the Rams tradition" and "the dignity of our concern for one another." Of the possibility of another walkout he said, "I am confident it won't happen here. I feel football players want to play football. They don't do it just for the money. As Billy Ray Smith once said in Baltimore, 'To hell with the money; I want the boasting rights.'" But the Rams' owner also noted last week that "we are not close to an agreement and we never have been. I think Mr. Usery [the federal mediator] did us a disservice by saying we were."

"I don't like to speculate," Mack said, "but another walkout could happen. I don't think it's right to say it won't."

"I hope there isn't a vote on walking out again," said 14-year veteran Guard Joe Scibelli. "Whether guys would or not, I don't know, but at this point I'm not ready to face it."

"We took a neutral position," Chuck Knox said of himself and his staff, who must have wanted to rage against some

the next day, when each of the two practice sessions was lengthened to two hours.

"We had a super attitude last year," Knox said, "and there's no reason why we won't again this year. We've got quality people—in character, not just in football ability. Our job is to maintain and upgrade individual performance levels. You do that and the winning takes care of itself. We call it a fine focus rather



Owner Rosenbloom thought of the players



Applying Jolin, Florence Chadwick prepares Sandra Kesha for the journey (below).

SIX WET COPS AND SANDRA

There were blue words over the white cliffs of Dover as everybody got into the swim by CLIVE GAMMON

Captain Matthew Webb would have recognized the smell, a rich compound of deck tar, salty rope and the lingering odor of whiting and cod long since consumed in the fish-and-chip shops of Dover. With the smell came the slapping of the Channel tide against the wooden sides of the *Helen Annmarie*, transformed for a few hours from trawler to the dignity of an accompanying pilot vessel.

But everything else would have been strange to the gallant captain who stepped into the cold swirl of the Channel and swam to France 99 years ago this month, creating the yardstick of courage and athleticism that still stands as the most romantic test of a marathon swimmer. The radar scanner turning endlessly over the wheelhouse would have baffled him and so would the electronic course-plotted. Even the throb of the diesel motor, constantly throttled back, would have been unfamiliar, for Captain Webb had been accompanied by burly oarsmen. But above all, he could never have foreseen such a logjam of swimmers anxious to emulate his feat: last Wednesday 20 of them were actually in the water between England and France while 11 more waited ashore at Dover for an official cross-Channel pilot to become available. Indeed there were so many swimmers that the Dover coast guard was expressing serious concern about the extra hazard in what is the busiest shipping lane in the world.

Two of the swams were preeminently important. First was the assault on the



one-way record by 19-year-old Sandra Keshka, who swims on the men's team at San Diego State, and it was Sandra, in the cold predawn of the starry August night, who was thrashing along at a steady 84 strokes to the minute under the deck-lights of the *Heleen Annumir*. Behind her, Cap Gris Nez on the French coast loomed huge and mist-black against the starlight. At the last minute, in view

of the tides and weather, she had elected to go from France to England, slipping out from a Normandy beach at 3.22 a.m. on the last of the ebb tide, swimming a little west with it so that she would be well placed to take advantage of the flood to carry her up toward St. Margaret's Bay on the English side.

Sandra didn't know it, but those aboard the *Heleen Annumir* were aware via radio that another swimmer was battling that same ebb not too far away as he tried to make the French shore. This was Des Renford, a 47-year-old veteran marathon swimmer from Sydney, Australia. He had swum the Channel four times in the past, and on three of those occasions had tried for a double crossing, reentering the water after the statutory 10-minute rest period to try to break the two-way record of 30 hours and 3 minutes set in 1965 by Ted Erikson of Chicago. Each time, however, Renford had been beaten on the second leg by tide and wind: once, in 1970, only 4½ miles off the English coast.

It is an act of faith in the weather to attempt a single crossing. In the fickle pattern of the Straits of Dover, a double crossing needs supreme luck as well as superhuman endurance. In his 1972 attempt, Renford had got within six miles of the English coast on the second leg when a 25-mph southwesterly and a 4.7-knot ebb tide carried him 35 miles up Channel. When he was forced to retire he was actually off the Belgian coast.

There were long, empty days for all the Channel swimmers and their entourages while waiting for the right tide and the right weather forecast. Florence Chadwick, the great American Channel swimmer of the 1950s who crossed four times, once tarried four months in Dover before she got away in October, a month generally held impossible for the feat. Now a stockbroker in San Diego, Chadwick was Sandra's coach, mentor and foster-mother on this trip. Evening after evening for two weeks, after the weather forecast from the R.A.F., she called to cancel the ordered taxis, the packed food and the pilot boat. Chadwick is an entirely equable, happy-tempered woman who takes all the delays in her stride, believing that Sandra Keshka is the greatest Channel-swim prospect in years. "She is much faster than I was and she's faster than Cox," Chadwick says convincingly. (It was Lynne Cox of California who last year set a world record for

the England-France crossing—9 hours 36 minutes—only one minute outside the France-England record time established by England's Barry Watson.)

The one thing that upsets Miss Chadwick is relay teams. "I just hate to see these characters clowning up the Channel," she says, as severely as she can. But ever generous-minded, she was also quick to make exceptions. "Those New York cops are funny. They seem to take it so lightheartedly."

The cops were living in high style in Dover: six enormous, jovial police officers from Long Island's Nassau County, who comprised the Eastern Marathon Swimming Association of Glen Cove. They had speedily established a good relationship with the Kent County constabulary and could be discovered most nights downing pints of ale and watching television in the police club bar over the station house.

"This is in confidence," growled their squad leader, Ed Uher, putting his face just one inch closer than, well, normal people do. "We're gonna go three ways, France-England, England-France, And France-England." Why not: the club had already swum some intimidating distances, notably the 150-mile stretch between Montauk Point at the end of Long Island and Sheepshead Bay off Brooklyn, in 108 hours 25 minutes, an unofficial world record.

The reason for the confidentiality of the three-way attempt was that other relay teams were on hand in Dover and itching to go, including a crew called Texas Volunteers, led by Tom Hetzel, six times a conqueror of the Channel, and six Egyptians, who were at the tail end of the waiting list for a qualified pilot.

There are only about 10 days a month in which tides are slack enough for a Channel swim. Further, for most swimmers July, August and September are the only acceptable months, then the water temperature reaches a tolerable 60° or a little more. But even if water temperature and tides are right, the wind can wreck everything. There are very few days when conditions are good. In some years there are none.

Then last week came the best series of tides of the year, neap tides lasting until Thursday, plus a water temperature of 62°. But the wind came with them. The weather chart was ugly with troughs that lashed up hard southwesterers, churning the Channel into short, steep seas that



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN CALDER

ROBERTO/

crested and broke in a patternless jumble. There is, however, one mercy: there is no long "fetch" behind the Channel waves as one sees in, say, the Atlantic. They go down as quickly as they rise. And on last Tuesday evening the R.A.F. office reported a lull ahead that might last 12 hours before the next blow started.

Dover exploded. The Texas Volunteers, the Nassau County cops and Des Renford were away by midnight. And at 11:30 p.m. Sandra Keshka was clambering aboard *Heleen Ansmarie* in Folkestone Harbor, just down the coast. Chadwick followed with blankets, hot-water bottles, broth and other aids to cross-Channel swimming that filled four big cardboard cartons.

With light southerly winds it was logical to go from France to England. The *Heleen Ansmarie* chugged at a stately 15 knots across the Channel and the skipper dropped anchor in the lee of Cap Gris Nez. Other riding lights showed up close by. The New York cops, somebody said. Car headlights flashed on the little beach. It was a band of French friends that Chadwick had called from Dover, moistering to assist as soon as Sandra was ferried ashore in the dinghy.

At 3 22 a.m., plastered leprously with white lanolin, Sandra was in the water, arms moving powerfully, using her legs scarcely at all. But she was too far out from the boat. Kay Law, Chadwick's longtime friend, who had accompanied her on all her record-breaking swims, hung over the side with a blackboard on which was chalked an enormous "C"

"come closer," that means—and Sandra swung in a little, though she continued to veer out until it was full daylight 90 minutes later. (Afterward she said that the boat's lights were blinding her.) Now she was on the last of the ebb, heading west along the French shore. There would be an hour's slack tide in which to gain ground and after that, everybody hoped, the flood tide with light southerly swells behind it would haul her toward Dover.

On board, there was no need to watch Sandra to time her: one could just listen to the hard slap of her arms plunging into the water, steady and strong. After four hours, the sun up and bright now, glancing off beer cans tossed from the Channel ferryboats, her stroke was still 84. The temperature in mid-Channel had dropped to 60° but Chadwick decided not to chalk up the news. Instead she drew funny faces, the Stars and Stripes, U.S.A. on the board to keep Sandra's morale up. Then she fed her swimmer broth and glucose tablets from a cup held out on a fishing pole. Sandra was well within world-record time for the crossing, men's or women's, and she had nearly five hours of the flood tide to go with her.

The first bad sign came just before 9 a.m., the first snippy little whitecaps brought up by the wind, which had gone southwest and was freshening. Pilot Reg Brickell made a critical decision to head the ship well up-Channel, right up to the *South Goodwin* lighthouse so that in the last stage of her attack Sandra could drop back easily into St. Margaret's Bay.

Then a radio report said that Renford had got ashore on the French side—but had taken a bad battering. He had been within two miles of the French coast an eight hours; then, with a bad tide, it had taken him 4½ more to get ashore. (Renford was in the water 22 hours and 52 minutes on his unsuccessful double, he conceded eight miles off the English coast on the return leg.)

The other news was that the Nassau cops had hit fog. All seven were known to speak pithily at times; no doubt the Channel air was ringing with oaths.

Chadwick broke the news to Sandra that she wasn't going to make the record when the gull had been in the water for more than nine hours. The rising sea—kicked up strongly by half a gale of wind—was battering her up-Channel constantly, though the white cliffs were plain ahead. She had shown great strength and bravery and when the bad news came she swung up on her back and said, "O.K., now I'd like to eat." Finally Sandra crawled ashore east of St. Margaret's. Her crossing was made in 10 hours and 30 minutes, magnificent under the conditions—less than an hour over Lynne Cox's record.

Almost at the same time, the Texas Volunteers were landing lower down the coast with new world records for England-France, France-England and for the double. They came into Folkestone Harbor at the same time as the *Heleen Ansmarie*. "Three world records!" Tom Hezel yelled to Chadwick as Sandra lay on deck, still shaking with cold. "An hour early in the water," Chadwick replied, as frigidly as any Channel tide.

But of the New York cops, last reported fogbound off France, not a word.

Not a word all Thursday morning, either. Coast watchers reported no sign of them at any of the landfalls. Then finally they were sighted—at the Holiday Inn, Dover. In the pool. Drinking champagne at midafternoon. It had taken them a long time, one observed diffidently, but then they'd traveled three ways, hadn't they?

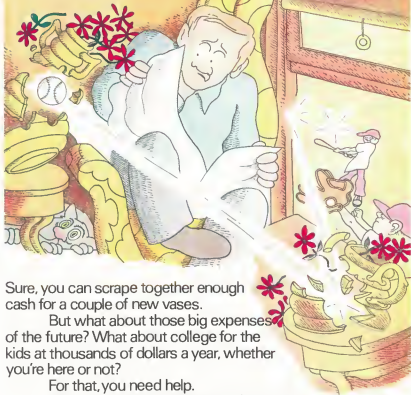
"Well, uh, not actually," said Ed Uher. "We just did it twice. It was very stormy and, uh, foggy." But there was no chance of further eludication. Through the air and into the pool flew the hotel barman. Then one of the lady receptionists was thrown in, then the Dover coast guard. It was clearly one's turn next. One left.

END



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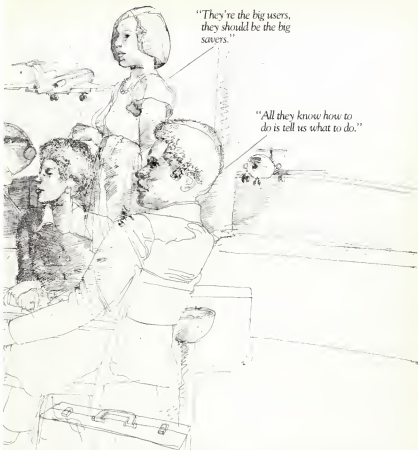
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There are still a slew of them traveling about the globe, peopling World Team Tennis rosters and downing legendary portions of beer. The caravan has changed now—the names are Dibley, Dent, Kronk, Case, Masters and Alexander—wayfarers as indistinguishable one from the other, as Japanese tourists or Pan Am stewardesses. They are just The Aussies and are inevitably referred to only in that slighting summary. Of course, the vintage elves, Laver and Rosewall, still surface occasionally, capable of yet one more burst, even a fusillade from the past. But they are fading, and Roche—though still in our midst, stout and so good-natured—was cut short of greatness by injuries.

So there is only one real Aussie left from the dynasty that began in 1950 with Sedgman and McGregor and won 16 Davis Cups, 14 Wimbledons, 15 Forest Hills. Newk. The only real Aussie left is Newk.

The sad thing, now that the reign is

over, is that the American public never did take the time to sort out the real Aussies. They were—were—quite different chaps, the champion Laver, dour and most insecure; his friend Emmo, boyish, the life of every party, the sweet, retiring little Rosewall; Hoad, bull-strong, fun and no zis, and Newcombe, the last of the line but the brightest, the boss, the most dominant personality. Also the most complex; on the court, so game, so competitive, playing nearly possessed; off it, utterly at ease, almost lacking an ambition except to obtain those dull, small comforts of middle-class security to be with his family, to provide for his old age, to have a few beers now and then, and a lot of beers now and then, too.

Despite his record and his charm Newcombe has been relatively neglected. Well, he came to a world jaded with Aussie champions. "If Smith or Ashe had done what I've done," he says, "they could write their own ticket. They'd be up there with Namath." And while he has periodically been No. 1, he has always appeared as a sort of an-between, as he will again next week, when he returns to Forest Hills as the defending champion and finds Jimmy Connors the cynosure. Finally, and perhaps unkindest of all, Newcombe is often dismissed as a limited serve-and-volley brute when, in fact, he can toss up a scrambler's lob the equal of anybody's, and the best two parts of his game, neither of them holding a racket, are his head and his heart.

Newk has the perfect temperament for life and games of skill. "Grab a taste," he called from the court in front of his Texas condominium—thus to a visiting PR man from Atlanta. But it is a universal welcome with him, the little tats that are wrenched off cans and plastic six-pack wrappings lie about the Newcombe environs, as surely artifacts as arrowheads and pottery shards are of earlier cultures. Newk was finishing practice, wearing a rather dreadful red bathing suit, it was nearly time for him to lend his service to the barbecue. There were ribs, steaks, corn, bananas, rolls and salad as side dishes to the beer.

In the States, the Newcombes live with their three small children on their own tennis ranch, the T-Bar-M, near San Antonio; they also have an estate outside

Sydney and switch continents effortlessly. "I see myself as a person of the world," Newk says, quite matter-of-factly. He doesn't mean "person of the world" in the pseudosophisticated manner of talk-show guests when they are out to buy a chalet in Switzerland to avoid paying taxes, he just means that he can live happily in a lot of places, especially if those places aren't hotels.

If it is correct to say, though, that there has been some Americanization of Newcombe, it is only fair to all that he tends to effect a Newkization of those about him. "A 30-year-old boy," his young teammate on the Houston EZ Riders, Dick Stockton, murmured late of an evening in some wonder as Newk grasped a beer mug with his teeth and downed its contents, no hands. The people clustered round as next he bent over a glass, chug-alugged it backward and then bellowed for another round. "What's the matter with you, mate?" he yelled at a deadbeat hysander. "Your arms too short or your pockets too long?" He closed the place hours later.

But the beer-swilling Newk has been overplayed at the expense of the fuller side of the man. It was Newcombe, for instance, whose fire and drive were responsible for the successful Australian Davis Cup challenge last year. And while Billie Jean King accepts credit for Team Tennis as if it were an egg she warmed to chirping life all by herself, Newcombe played the pivotal role. When he bucked his own union—the powerful Association of Tennis Professionals, which had been unalterably opposed to WTT—by signing with the EZ Riders, the door was opened for other men to follow, and WTT was on.

"I'm a conservative person," Newcombe says, "but I really didn't think I could go along when something was obviously wrong." Eventually, the ATP reversed its stand on WTT and then, in a masterstroke of racket-balancing, Newcombe was prevailed upon to join the ATP slate as vice-president to President Arthur Ashe.

But Newcombe seems to genuinely prefer the pastoral role of Cincinnatus, tucked away from the endless tennis wars and tournaments at his ranch retreat, where everyone lolls about in bathing

continued

LAST OF THE AWESOME AUSSIES

Now 30, John Newcombe is at the top of his game, but he is sure there is more to life—like a taste or two and like being just folks
by FRANK DEFORD

DEEP IN THE HEART of Texas, Newk conducts a clinic at his ranch near San Antonio, horses around with wife Angie and daughter Tanya

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN ARNHEIM

suits—or tennis shorts for dress-up. “We never know what time of day it is, or what day, for that matter,” says his wife Angie. The sky there is high blue, the air still, the sun painless, and by the pool, neighbors and visitors chat idly with the ghost of General Philip Henry Sheridan, who once had the presence to remark, “If I owned Texas and Hell, I would rent out Texas and live in Hell.”

Newcombe is nurtured by the simple life at his spa. He practices hard and supervises his camps, churning about on a bicycle, eschewing a big white whale of a Cadillac, a tournament victory baguette that squats heavily by the side of the house. The Newcombes are just folks, almost to a fault. Newk thought it was real nice that \$1,000 worth of women’s clothing was part of his prize for winning the World Championship of Tennis, inasmuch as Angie hadn’t bought any new duds the last year or two.

She is an alluring woman, slim, with soft hair and wade doe eyes that give the impression she is more malleable than she really is; in fact, by her own admission, she has become a much tougher cookie than her husband. When she was a child, Angie Pfannenberger escaped from East Germany with her mother. Without incident, Newk, a dentist’s son, grew up in Sydney and slaked out Angie to be his bride while she was still in high school in Homburg.

When first married, if Angie woke up before he did, she would lie dutifully still, even for hours, lest she disturb his sleep and somehow harm his career. But husband and wife are of a mind now about the lucrative world of modern tennis; they couldn’t care less. “I’ve got enough money and there’s no ego thing left,” says Newcombe. “I’ve done it all. I’ve only one life to live, and I don’t want to turn around and have my son be 14 and not know him.”

“I wouldn’t mind if John stopped tennis tomorrow,” Angie says. She was a player herself, the No. 2-ranked German junior, but it is fair to say that Newcombe married her for things other than her ground strokes. Her creature charms have never been in dispute; on the other hand, Newk has only lately grown into handsomeness. His mustache seems to have given a rugged, sexy definition to a face that was otherwise nice but unremarkable. Angie, however, will not credit herself with foreseeing this late-blooming glamour. “To tell you the truth,” she

says, “I sometimes wondered why I even bothered to put up with him at first—all those other Aussies checking me out for him, and he was all pimples and short hair then.” She also labels him as “flat-chested,” which is an unusual thing for a man to be called, especially a rough-tough athlete, but Angie is firm in this appraisal and, for that matter, not inaccurate.

On the court there is a primitive element to Newcombe. His socks droop, the right side of his shirt pulls out from the exertions of service, he grunts unceremoniously and he bounces about on his heels between points as if measuring off the turf for his own. Yet in important matches he usually starts quietly, *unbored*, and he only establishes himself as the challenge wears on, building his victory not just by outplaying his opponent but by taking things from him, breaking him down.

Should Forest Hills get its dream final, it would be between Newcombe and the dragon child, Connors. Like Newcombe, Connors is a consummate fighter; also like him, a much smarter player than credited. But unlike Newcombe, who has beaten Connors in both their previous meetings, Connors plays to the hilt from the first point. Given the stakes, the dream final would be not so much a game of tennis as a test of will.

To take nothing away from Connors, who plays downright cold-blooded, Newcombe is prime under pressure. On tour he and Ashe win the most tiebreakers, and Newk’s record in five-set matches is unexcelled. Last September he beat Jan Kodes in five to win Forest Hills after being behind two sets to one; he then beat Smith in the key Davis Cup match after being down a break in the fifth.

Newcombe always plans for a fifth set, squandering away stratagems. But then he tends to see matches primarily as battles of wits. For instance, he says this about playing Smith: “Stan tries to overpower you mentally. A certain amount of that is the way he plays—the steamroller, smothering you at the net. But I can deal with that. What is more tiring is his air—that smug confidence. You must concentrate all the time or you’ll give up. Nobody wears me out like Smith does, but it’s not from the tennis, it’s mental fatigue.”

On Nastase: “He’s told me that he plays his best when he’s carrying on with

all that nonsense. I really want to play Nastase in a big match, because I’m sure I can beat him. I’d look at my shoes the whole time and make sure there was only one actor out there.”

On Connors: “He tries to imitate Nastase, and it just doesn’t work. You know, Nastase says funny things, and Connors can’t say funny things. But you can never stop thinking against Connors. You’ve especially got to serve intelligently because what Connors does better than anything else, he sniffs an opening and dives for it.”

On Okker: “You must play him deliberately. Otherwise, all of a sudden you get caught up and the points are going and the games are going, and it’s too late.”

On Ashe: “A lot like Okker. Very different styles but the same pace. Arthur won’t even towel down. And if he hits one of his hot streaks—say like Kodes did against me at Forest Hills last year—you’ve just got to demoralize him by raising your game a touch. He’ll still keep winning for the time, but it’ll disturb him that his best didn’t finish you off. And with Arthur, play to his forehead volley. That’s more of a psychological block now than just a weak shot. He talks about it all the time, doesn’t he?”

On Laver: “He’s lost confidence in his serves. Once he lost confidence in his first serve, that put so much pressure on his second, he lost confidence there, too. The Americans understood that before we did, because Rocket was one of us and we respected him so. Riesen, Smith, Lutz—all those guys were attacking him off his serve before we understood. Rocket looks in pain now when he has to serve. And you can see the jealousy in his eyes out there, because he was No. 1, and that was very important to him—much more than it is to me—and we took that thing away from him.”

Laver is the one man to beat Newcombe in a Wimbledon final—four excruciating sets in 1969. It was a cornerstone in the careers of both men, and especially instructive because no tricks were played with the outcome. It told the tale true, although it hangs by a thread. Lew Hoad maintains that the brilliant match turned on one point in the third set when Newcombe had Laver down 4-1 and surely could have put him away for good if he had scored with a backhand down the line. “But Newk can’t hit a backhand down the line,” Hoad says.

"He had to slice it cross-court, and Rocket was there."

What measures greatness? The one shot he couldn't hit when he had to this one time means Newcombe has but three Wimbledon: Laver, alone of all the moderns, has four and two grand slams. And so, for history, Laver has been great. Newcombe just short of it. Fair enough. "I feel like I only owe it to myself to do what I am fully capable of," Newcombe says. And as an afterthought: "Maybe that's why I play five-set matches so well—because I have no fear of losing."

Nevertheless, since he won his last Wimbledon over Smith in '71, his career has described a curious path. Each time that he has indulged himself with one of the lengthy family interludes that he loves, he has returned to serious competition only to be savaged by journeymen. In contrast, his recent major victories—Forest Hills '73, WCT '74—have been arduously chiseled out of prolonged periods of play on the tour he hates. Newk took out after the WCT crown as if on a crusade and ended up playing his best ever. But then, after a couple of months at his Texas sanctuary, he went eagerly to Wimbledon, where he played a succession of unsatisfying early matches before falling to Rosewall in a desultory quarterfinal.

Now, going into Forest Hills, Newk has played only four tournament matches in the last four months. He says he is fit, but then going into Wimbledon he was sure he was fit—and he discovered he was not, that his right shoulder pained him serving and that he felt curiously out of shape. How much of it is really in the mind? We have, for example, seen the same syndrome in golf: both Nicklaus and Player experienced strange troughs in their careers at a period comparable to Newcombe's. You win everything you ever imagined, Mark McCormack signs you up—and then, is that all there is to that? How does someone who goes to work in a red bathing suit and has a Cadillac gathering dust gear himself up to win another Wimbledon, another Forest Hills, another anything?

"He must set up challenges for himself now," Angie Newcombe said one evening in Texas. "Otherwise he enjoys life too much. He loves doing so many other things." She awoke the next morning before he did and rose from their bed straightaway without the least fear of disturbing his career or their lives. **END**



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DON'T TINKER WITH THIS KID BROTHER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CLARKSON

Tinker Owens may be only 19 years old and weigh 168 pounds, but he does not score easily. For one thing, he is the starting split end at Oklahoma, where football is very big league indeed. For another, he must perform in the enormous shadow of his older brother Steve, the former Sooner fullback who scored a record 56 touchdowns in his career, won the Heisman Trophy and is now with the Detroit Lions. Last year Tinker played an effective role in Oklahoma's undefeated season, catching several key touchdown passes, and now he is back in Norman, suffering through the agonies of two-a-day drills, preparing for what he is sure will be another unbeaten year.

Having a barefoot catch on the lawn or posing on the hood of his Ford Galaxie, Tinker looks like an urchin imitating his brother, the hero, but he owns a share of the family trophies and if he keeps making defensive backs look silly, he may someday have a street of his very own.





Although it kicks off with a barbecue, the three weeks of preseason practice is hardly a picnic. Wind sprints wrench the gut and cradle rocks strain tired muscles. Coach Berry Switzer, above it all, sees every grimace, hears every groan and encourages Tinker and his teammates to work still harder. When exercising stops and contact drills begin, Receiver Coach Donnie Duncan gets down to business (below). Come September the weather cools and the season starts. Before each game a superstitious pat on the doorhead wards off evil spirits, not to mention Cornhuskers and Cowboys.







IT IS BETTER TO RECEIVE

Tinker Owens sure would like a cold beer right now, but he's not going to get it. He sure would like to sleep past 6:45 tomorrow morning, but he's not going to do that, either.

"Preseason practice is the worst part of football," Owens says. "It turns your whole life around. But most of us put up with it because it works. When the season starts next month we'll be ready to play."

Tinker is always ready to play. He's always ready for anything. "Tinker," says a duly impressed teammate, "is the most hang-loose guy I know."

Being hang-loose is sticking with it in the sweltering heat of August while a dozen teammates steal away in the night. It is ignoring the frustration of being the best receiver on a running team. And, finally, it is accepting the fact that good as that team may be, it must reside in purgatory—ignored by television, bowls and the UPI weekly ratings. Just as last season, when the Sooners won 10 games and tied one, Oklahoma is shackled by the punishment of its own decent—a two-year probation caused by serious recruiting irregularities.

"Probation bothered us more last year than it will this year," Tinker says. "There's nothing we can do about it, so nobody has much to say. People can look

at our record and know how good we are. It will be obvious to everyone that we should be ranked. We know we can win every game. We may even run up the score if we have a chance just to make the UPI look stupid."

These are not bitter words; they are spoken matter-of-factly. If Owens has any regret at all, it is the television proscription. "I play my best games on TV," he says.

Wishbone offenses do not often provide high moments for pass-catchers, but Tinker has enjoyed some nonetheless. As a freshman he was the Most Valuable Player in the Sugar Bowl, and last year he caught two touchdown passes in a 52-13 blitz of Texas. Both games were televised, of course.

His best catch—"the most important pass I ever completed," Quarterback Steve Davis said at the time—came against Miami. It brought the Sooners from behind in the third quarter and spurred them to a 24-20 victory.

Owens' well-run patterns and sure-handedness have enabled him to achieve career totals of 35 passes for 815 yards and six touchdowns. Defensive Coordinator Larry Laceywell says he has never seen a receiver make so many great catches with so few opportunities. Offensive Coordinator Galen Hall calls Owens "the best damn receiver in the country."

Even so, Tinker had to share playing time last year with another gifted end, the bigger, faster Billy Brooks. Competition between them was so great that they hardly spoke—even though they were roommates on the road. Brooks threatened to transfer if he did not play more and Owens felt frustrated because he was playing less.

The situation improved this past spring when the Sooner coaches introduced a Wishbone with wings that puts the two receivers on opposite flanks. "We threw so much it was ridiculous," Tinker says happily. "I think we should pass more. Defenses are learning a lot about the Wishbone, and passing will make the running game even better."

Owens admits he "might like to stand out a little more," but he hastens to add,

"I haven't let it bother me. I'd rather be right where I am than take a chance of having something bad happen somewhere else."

Oklahoma was the natural choice for Steve Owens' little brother. A natural choice, but not necessarily an automatic one. When Tinker was named Oklahoma's outstanding high school athlete his senior year, comparisons to Steve were numerous.

"Fortunately, it doesn't happen as much anymore," Tinker says. "After all, I'm a receiver and he's a running back. I'm small and he's big."

But the comparisons were so oppressive at the time that Tinker seriously considered enrolling at pass-manned Arkansas. "I knew I'd have a better chance of making a name for myself there," he says, "but Arkansas turned out to be a bad scene. When I visited there a big guy, about 6'5", 250 pounds, tried to pick a fight with me. He kept saying, 'I don't care if you are Steve Owens' brother.' Heck, he was the only person who had even mentioned Steve. But it's a good thing he didn't hit me because there was another fellow behind him with a bottle, ready to bust him over the head."

Tinker decided that his chances for survival were greater at Oklahoma. "People here act the way I act. They're plain Oklahoma people, just like me."

Since his arrival from Miami, in the northeast corner of the state, Tinker has been no ordinary Okie, however. His hot flashes of success quickly won him a following. A baby was named after him. A heifer was named after him. A laundromat that didn't even exist was named after him. The sign outside Miami that once read **HOME OF STEVE OWENS** now includes an addendum: **AND TINKER, TOO.**

And, finally, he has received the ultimate tribute. When a Norman traffic cop began writing out a speeding ticket for one Charles Wayne Owens last year, the perpetrator, hanging loose, casually mentioned that he was better known as "Tinker."

Case dismissed.

—LARRY KJITH

Trailblazing Miami, Owens hauls in a 52-yard touchdown pass to give the Sooners the lead



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PEOPLE

by JEANETTE BRUIT

The N.Y. Mets could have sprouted wings and flown away too. All Manager **Yogi Berra** opponents cared during a 4-1 win over Cincinnati: Berra's son Tim was making his pro football debut in a preseason game with the Colts that day, and Yogi called Baltimore five times in the course of the Mets' victory to find out how Tim was making out. One of the calls was placed by a coach, who told the person answering the phone, "I apologize for bothering you, but I have an expectant father on my hands. Said the younger Berra—who did just fine when he heard of his father's telephonic activity. "It's typical."

Three-hundred-pound **Walter G. Finch** is off and walking in his race for a U.S. Senate seat from Maryland. And he had literally every step of his 1,500-mile "walk to the people campaign" figured out ahead of time: "I have the military stride of about 128 paces a minute, so every mile



I walk I lift up my feet about 4,000 times. That means the first day I picked up my feet 120,000 times. By the time I'm finished I'll have lifted my feet between five and six million times." Finch says. Although it would have impressed his prospective constituents mightily had he kept on walking when he encountered the Susquehanna River, Finch simply drove in, swam across and continued walking. All this energy may get people out to vote for him: if they can find a rule to the polls.

Another candidate for the U.S. Senate, Florida's former Secretary of State **Richard Stone**, prefers tennis to biking. He was so elated when he and his doubles partner took a match 6-4 that he joyfully leaped over the net after the winning point, or, er, raps, he tried to. Stone caught his foot on the way over and went sprawling. The net result: a broken arm and a gash over his right eye that required three stitches.

• **Angeli Hernandez**, 27, has been bawling not only bulls but the courts in Spain for years. A 1988 law that prohibited female mail-order has now been abolished, allowing women the right to challenge it to fore or not. Women previously were allowed only

to thrust short spears into shoulder muscles of the bulls from horseback. Hernandez, a *regeneradora* for the last four years, has been gored three times fighting in South America. Fortunately, the scars don't show.

"He was walking with a distinct wobble," the arresting officer told the court after hauling former Oklahoma quarterback and Baltimore Colt defensive star **Bobby Boyd** before the bench for "driving while under the influence of alcohol." Not so, protested Boyd, asking that the \$100 fine levied against him be set aside. Over a football career that spanned more than 13 years, he had undergone five knee operations that caused him to "wobble." Boyd explained to the judge: His honor overturned the fine, pronounced probation without verdict and Boyd wobbled home.

George Best, once England's best in football, cannot seem to stay retired. Out he came at the invitation of Dunstable Town to play against the Manchester United Reserves, his old club. Overweight and a bit punchy, Best did not score but managed to assist on two goals as Dunstable's nonleague 17-year-olds tallied three times in the last 10

minutes to win 3-2. Best's appearance at Dunstable, where about 350 fans usually watch games, drew attendance up to 3,800, and he had to be removed with a minute remaining in the match to escape admirers waiting to mob him. That old Best mugs is still there, even though he can no longer pull off the hat trick.

• The first game of the season at Baldwin-Wallace, Ohio, found the Dayton Flyers confronting Cleveland's U.S.A. Daredavils, including all 350 pounds of **Bessie Dawson** starting at defensive tackle. Dawson and the Daredavils bowled them over 28-12, and she now says if an NFL team can use a linewoman, well, then, she is.

I ven with the cost of food running higher than a wedge shot, there is no sign athletes are cutting down on costly calories. Just before his PGA victory **Lee Trevino** attributed his six-month gelling slump to overeating. "Last night I had three pieces of pecan pie, an 8-oz. cream sandwich and peaches," he said before going out to win. "The only thing holding me down was a rope."

Once he was graduated from high school in Georgia, **Ralph Hunter**, who has long jumped 22 ft., could not wait to get to the University of Southern California to work under Coach Vern Wolfe. He rushed in his application, furnished his stamp-collecting, paid his fees, jetted to Los Angeles, dropped his bags at the dormitory and dashed off to meet the head of the track program. There were just a couple of small problems: the coach was Jim Crumpton, not Vern Wolfe, and Hunter was not at USC but at Southern California College. To a young fellow from Georgia, everything looks the same through the smog.



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Jeff Burroughs, the 23-year-old Texas Ranger slugger, has a love-hate relationship with Arlington Stadium. He loves being away from it, hates being home in it. The distant fences and adverse winds make some of his lustiest drives mere long outs. Said Burroughs of one he boomed last week: "I hit the heck out of that ball. It's ridiculous how this park penalizes hitters. And it's hurting fans. They aren't getting their money's worth." On a previous road trip Burroughs had four homers and batted .519. In his last seven games in Arlington he had zero homers and batted .269. On Sunday he got homer No. 24, and became the first major-leaguer to drive in 100 runs. In Cleveland.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 21-27)

AL EAST Although the Orioles split six games and failed to gain on the Red Sox (page 14), they were encouraged by excellent pitching. Jim Palmer won for the first time in two months, Ross Grimsley took out Kansas City 1-0 and Mike Cuellar stopped Chicago 2-1.

Cleveland had to forego batting practice on a day off because gussets from a Brewers game could not be removed, but no matter. Opponents' bats were muffled by the pitching. Perry's as Gaylord finally ended the famine that followed his 15-game feast, defeating Minnesota 4-2, and Jim beat Chicago 3-2 and Texas 4-0.

Deacons most of the season, the Yankees showed signs of invigoration as Rudy May held off Oakland 4-1, Doc Medich stopped Chicago 2-1 and Thurman Munson shocked the White Sox 9-8 with a two-out, two-run homer in the 13th inning.

SOX 52-34 CLEV 50-36 BAL 50-35
NY 56-50 DET 57-53 MIL 57-53

AL WEST That Kansas City slided two games from Oakland's lead with a 4-2 week was due in part to diligent self-analysis by Pitcher Steve Bissby. After reviewing video tapes of his past patterns, he threw a five-hit, 9-1 defeat at Detroit for his 18th win. Amos Otis set a Royal record by extending his hitting streak to 19 games. And Reliever Steve Minton added to 28 the string of innings in which he has yielded no earned runs.

Nolan Ryan, he of the big hair, tied the major-league mark for strikeouts in a nine-inning game by whiffing 19 Red Sox. He beat

them 4-2—and then the Brewers 7-3. Chicago, despite slugging nine homers, dropped four one-run games and so lost any real hope of contending in the West.

OAK 55-33 KC 53-55 TEX 51-51
CHI 50-55 MINN 55-52 CAL 48-73

NL EAST The Cardinals were living dangerously—but not recklessly—as they put together a 4-2 week and increased their division lead to 2½ games. They topped the Padres 6-5 in 13 innings and on two successive nights beat the Giants in the ninth, first 2-1 on Joe Torre's two-run single and then 5-3 on Reggie Smith's two-run homer. Relievers Al Hrabosky, Rich Folkers and Mike Garman gave up just two hits in nine innings as they won twice and improved their combined record to 16-4. And the Cardinals strengthened themselves for the stretch drive by obtaining Pitcher Claude Osteen from the Astros.

Although the Phillies pirated games from Atlanta (6-3 as Dave Cash tripled in the go-ahead runs in the ninth) and San Francisco (6-5 on Mike Schmidt's two home runs), they were menaced by the real article. Pittsburgh, winner of five of six, dribbled Cincinnati 5-2 and 14-3, Dock Ellis beat Los Angeles 5-2 and Jerry Reuss won twice. The Pirates' .324 hitting for the week was particularly attributable to Al Oliver (.500, nine RBIs) and Willie Stargell (.435).

ST. L. 54-57 PHIL. 51-55 PIT. 51-55
MONT. 56-51 NY 53-54 CRI. 48-58

NL WEST Remember when the Dodgers had a 10½-game lead? The margin dissolved to a sobering ½ as they lost five games in a row. Said Willie Crawford, "We're just dead. The bench doesn't say anything; even the guys who have been cheerleaders all season are quiet." Jim Brewer, fresh off the disabled list, told Manager Walt Alston, "I can't make it. Skip. My back has gone out again." Centerfielder Tony Paciorek moaned, "I messed it up," after his two-base error in the ninth inning gave the Mets the tying run and, moments later, a 3-2 win on Rusty Staub's hit. Los Angeles was swept by New York, vacating a 3-1 as Harry Parker pitched his first complete game in the majors and losing 3-0 to Jon Matlack's four-hitter. About the most encouraging thing Alston could say was, "If we're going to have a slump I'd rather have it now and get it over with."

Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson offered some chilling words on Los Angeles' plight. Alluding to last year's Dodger collapse and the current crisis, he said: "A team can't afford to let it happen two years in a

There's no place like away

Fenced in at home, slugger Jeff Burroughs is aces on the road

row. If it does, they're in deep trouble." But the Reds were none too ruddy themselves and labored to split six games. A run-scoring 10th-inning double by Cesar Geronimo gave them a 3-2 win over the Pirates, but the only score they managed in a 2-1, 12-inning loss to the Mets was batted around, of all things, a bunt single by Johnny Bench. For the second game in a row the game-winning hit for the Mets was delivered by Staub. In two other meetings, however, the Reds handled the Mets with dispatch, Bench driving in five runs in a 10-4 win and Jack Billingham picking up his 15th triumph with a 6-2 decision.

In a week of interdivisional play the only West team to come out ahead was Atlanta, which strengthened its grip on third place by winning four times. Tom House twice beat the Phillies in relief, 6-5 on a two-run single by Dave Johnson and 7-6 on Dusty Baker's 12th-inning hit.

Houston and San Diego continued to sag, both losing four of six. The only Astro home run was supplied by Doug Rader, who drove in four runs as Houston defeated the Expos 8-3. Dave Winfield, 22, a 6' 6" 220-pound Phoebe slugger, hit .300 and drove in the winning runs in his team's victories. He had both RBIs in a 2-1 win over the Cardinals and his two-run homer beat the Cubs 4-3.

Echoing the White Sox, the Giants got little home runs and lost four of seven games. Bobby Bonds, who was rumored to be a central figure in an off-season trade with the Phillies, showed them two reasons why they might want to make the deal. He hit a two-run ninth-inning homer that beat Philadelphia 4-4 and in another game turned on his speed and scored all the way from second on a bunt-and-run play.

LA 75-49 CIN 72-48 ATL 54-55
HOU 50-55 SF 54-57 SD 48-73

Just a Babe in the woods

A 14-year-old boy, armed with a puny .22 carbine, comes of age as he stands his ground on a California hill against a wounded, charging boar

Forty-nine years ago a California sportsman imported 12 wild boar from North Carolina to his ranch in the Carmel Valley. As the story goes, this man and his cronies intended to hunt the boar from horseback with pikes. However, a few snorts of California sunshine apparently worked wonders on the tuskers and, scattering horses and pikers helter-skelter, they dashed to freedom.

Now the boar have multiplied, interbred with feral swine, and rove the central coast. They have traveled over the mountains into the Salinas Valley to bedevil the farmers, and have been reported on Mount Hamilton east of San Jose, and 125 miles south at Paso Robles. All along the coastal Santa Lucias, particularly in the nearly impenetrable Ventana Wilderness Area, they thrive.

Besides being among the most intelligent and aggressive of wild animals, wild boar are armored with a flak suit of heavy bristles, cushioning a thick, tough hide over laminated layers of gristle and fat, all glued onto heavy bone. One must hit them in a vital spot with a heavy bullet, otherwise they flee or, if they have young with them, are apt to charge.

The mature boar often weighs close to 300 pounds and stands 2½ feet tall at the shoulder. His lower tusks are sharp as butcher knives and are set in a loose jaw so as to stab or rip, whichever serves his need best. They can be a nuisance, which is about the only reason for killing them, unless you want a huge head on your wall; the flesh is usually tough. No one in my family ever bothered.

My two older sons are grown and gone now, leaving me alone to teach their kid brother Babe, who is a husky 14 but such an innocent, vagrant-eyed boy. He talks to the trees and sky. He started it off simply enough by asking me to take him hunting wild boar. I replied that first he should learn something about hunting rabbits or squirrels.

Agreeably he brought out my semi-automatic .22 carbine and we went over the safety rules. After we'd stripped the rifle down and put it back together again I let him take a shot at a huge plywood target. He hit the crayon cross snack dead center. I let him take another shot just to be sure it wasn't a fluke. This one made the first hole slightly larger. Better than his brothers or me, he was a natural.

The early spring morning was fresh, the hillside grass was velvet green, and the new growth in the redwoods was pale against the dark winter-washed boughs. Finches sang, the bull rooster crowed and in the distance cattle called across Sycamore Canyon. Wild animals would be out touring and testing the golden air.

Thank heavens we still have a few wild things left, including the mountain lion, for it is only the lion that can check the blitzkrieg of the wild boar. Man with his guns and dogs can thin them down and keep them moving, and coyotes occasionally sneak off with newborn piglets, but the lions are coming back partly in response to the rising boar population.

Depending on the forage, a wild sow may farrow four piglets a year, and they are born tough and rangy. Sometimes, in her careless haste, the sow will lose a few to the quirks of nature, but by and large she's a competent mother and will attack if her young are endangered.

I laced up my boots, put on my old hunting vest, and as we left the front yard I told Babe, "Here's where you start hunting. Figure your game will be where you least expect it."

He carried the carbine at the ready. He hadn't jerked a shell into the chamber, but the pressed-steel magazine was locked in place and held a dozen .22 longs.

We were on rocky ground when we crossed into Los Padres National Forest at our fence line. Then we moved up a

steep pitch of about half a mile which led to a fairly level bench crowded with lupine, wild onion and ryegrass. We were heading for an abandoned homestead that sustains a large variety of wildlife with its two blue-clay springs. The ruins of the lonely split-board cabin molder in a stand of redwoods near a large grove of ancient live oaks.

Ground squirrels were chattering in the oak grove as we approached the homestead. In the fall there would be tons of acorns falling and the wild boar, jays and squirrels would work together in the harvest. Just to the south of the fallen-down cabin there is a rich old shell mound, an Indian midden. The Indians brought shellfish up here to their camp when they too harvested the acorns from this same grove a thousand years ago. I have often tried to imagine how it must have been in those days before the robed padres arrived ringing their little bells. To lie in the tawny shade, observing all the nuances I'll never see, smelling with a sense sharper than I was born with, souled with a spirit so ineffably natural that it passed gently through time like the breeze of this morning.

When I saw pig tracks on the path, Babe was ahead, listening to the squirrels. I touched his arm. He panned, poised



and silent. We studied the sign. Three pigs, one big enough to be considered good-sized.

Fresh pig urine stank like spilled battery acid. The boars were close, and I had not brought a big rifle. We were out of the trees, moving across an open hillside. A sailing red-tailed hawk screamed his hunting cry. Babe made a slight sign at a shadow in the apple orchard below us.

It was a mature, 200-pound black boar sprawled on his belly. He could be sleeping or he could be crouched for immediate takeoff. Beside him were two smaller pigs. One was nosing through the old apple compost and the other was scratching his ear with a hind leg. We were downwind, but we did not blend with the bare hillside behind us.

Babe looked at me and hefted the carbine suggestively. If he could put a bullet in that huge animal's eye we'd have bacon. I shrugged my shoulders, leaving the decision up to him.

The boar's long head snapped up a fraction after he heard the click of the bolt. He couldn't make us out. We had not moved a hair until Babe very slowly eased the little piece up to his shoulder and sighted carefully. The boar was black in a black shadow. Babe waited another long moment, hoping the boar might lift

his head into better light to show the glint of eye or shine of tusk. Another second and the boar would blast off and be gone. The other two pigs were already warily backing off. The boar was slowly coming to his feet, taking a bead on us.

Babe squeezed the trigger and the tiny splat of the bullet was hardly louder than a bluejay squawk.

The boar erupted out of his cool shadows, screaming with rage and pain as the bullet grazed his nose. He barreled up the hill toward us.

Babe stood his ground, saying nothing, keeping the charging animal in his sights. The light breeze fluffed his yellow hair as he snapped off another shot. The boar was coming at an angle, but he left next to nothing vulnerable to shoot at. The armored hump on his massive shoulders was an inviting but worthless target. Babe snapped another shot and the boar quartered off a bit more, as if to try taking our flank.

"You better hit him," I said as calmly as I could.

Babe shot again. I'd forgotten to keep count. He had 12 shots, but nobody in my recollection had ever killed a big boar with a .22 so what difference did it make if he had 12 chances or 1,200. In three or four seconds the issue would be settled.

Babe was firing with an easy, ruthless rhythm. *Snappity snappity snap*. But the boar's white tusks were clacking with rage and he was now close enough so I could see the brown stains on their inner surfaces. He was keeping his head low and his huge shoulders were churning him right at us.

Snappity snappity snap.

"Better hit him, Babe," I said, digging now in my vest for my short hunting knife. I hadn't sharpened it in a long time.

The boar's screams never diminished. He sounded like a cub bear caught in a steel trap.

"Damn you," Babe growled. "Damn you, die!"

Snappity snappity snap.

"Hit him a good one, Babe. You better hurry."

Babe stood like a young tree, never taking his eye off the black monster looming in his sights until there was no longer any *snappity snappity snap*.

Babe jerked at the empty magazine, bending it into scrap metal as he ripped it loose. I had my knife high, but I was backing up.

"C'mon, Babe, let's git," I yelled.

The boar tore out another tight scream as he lunged at us, missing, and then abruptly, as though he'd done his duty, turned and stumbled back down the hill, his screams turning into labored gasps and groans. Babe and I were both high as kites as we crazily chased after the boar. I with my upraised knife and Babe with his empty gun held like a baseball bat.

Babe bent me to where he lay in a little ravine choked with ferns and wild iris. His back and side looked like a pegboard. I counted 12 tiny bullet holes including the graze over the nose that had set him off in the first place.

Babe stood there like the fairest of princes. "It's done, old boar," he said. "I'm sorry it was you."

We gutted him and cut off his keg-sized head because he was too heavy to move otherwise. We found only one little scrap of lead that had slipped between his ribs and slashed his lungs. All the other slugs had only bitten his hide like sand fleas.

The two of us towed the great carcass down the hill. Babe was chattering excitedly, and I was smiling at the wondrous depths of my ignorance as we shaped our way down the slopes toward home, leaving a trail of crushed lupine and poppies and young grass.



A Hill who climbed the highest mountain

She had twice lost in the finals of the Women's Amateur, but last week in Seattle Cynthia Hill finally scaled the heights, whipping six opponents including defending champion Carol Semple to win the title

With good golf that grew steadily better as the week progressed, Cynthia Hill, a tall blonde with about as low a public profile as contemporary American sport allows, won her first Women's Amateur title after seven years of trying. Then she collected a lovely old trophy that has been passing quietly from champion to champion since 1897, grinned a lot over the top of a glass of Michelob and caught a plane home to Colorado Springs to report to work at 8:30 Monday morning.

That's the way it is in amateur golf one day, acclaim for being the best there is, the next, back to the stock room. In Cindy Hill's case, the stock room is in a busy women's clothing store in a resort hotel, where she supervises receiving and sells a little on the side. The 26-year-old winner played 110 holes of match-play golf last week at the Broadmoor Golf Club in Seattle. 5,942 yards of side-hill lies, lush rough, firm, fast greens and towering evergreens on the edge of Lake Washington. In five days and six matches she was a hole down to an opponent only once, and that was on the first hole of the first day of play. She evened the score on the second and was never behind again. In fact, she never saw the 18th from the day she qualified with a one-over-par 73 until the morning half of the 36-hole final against defending champion Carol Semple, whom she beat 5 and 4.

Hill's win marked the return of the Amateur to the Northwest for the first time since 1961, when it was played in Tacoma and won by Anne Sander, then 23 years old. It was the second of her three national titles and she did it with an all-time record score for USGA events—14 holes up with 13 to play. Northwest golfers have won or been runner-up for the

women's title 14 of the last 19 years. The dynasty began with Pat Lesser in 1955 and continued through the reigns of five-time champion Jo Anne Gunderson Carner, Anne Quast Decker Welts Sander and Mary Budke of Dayton, Ore., the 1972 winner.

As a result of all those years of exposure, women's golf is big news in Seattle, big enough, in fact, to share sports page billing with *Jet* and the Seattle entry in the America's Cup sweepstakes. Seattleites turned out at Broadmoor in numbers that warmed the hearts of the

USGA's blue-jacketed officials, who, with the exception of the U.S. Open, are accustomed to staging their events in less-than-splendid isolation. The crowds were middle-class and middle-aged, on the whole, knowledgeable about golf and appreciative of the historic significance of matches such as the third-round meeting of Anne Sander, a Broadmoor member, and Peggy Conley, now a schoolteacher in a Seattle suburb. In 1963 Conley was a 16-year-old from Spokane who reached the finals, the youngest ever to do so, but she lost to Anne, who was on her way to her third win. This year the match went two extra holes before Conley, her waist-length brown braid swinging in rhythm with her club, finally won.

As much as the spectators enjoyed the girls, the golf and the glorious August weather, the players enjoyed each other's company and the hospitality of the host club. The best, the ones who are likely to survive more than a round or two, must conserve their energy and their concentration for endurance tests like the double round of matches on Thursday or the 36-hole final, should they get that far. But for such as May Hazeflow, a gregarious five-handicapper from Downers Grove, Ill., who has failed to qualify two years in a row but who stays on for the rest of the tournament anyway, the Amateur is a house party, a class reunion, an old-fashioned homecoming weekend.

Even for the best golfers there is more than just hard work. Early in the week, on a particularly balmy evening, Bob Ihlantfeldt, the tournament chairman, and his wife Edlean, a former amateur competitor and now a USGA committeewoman, gave a dinner on the terrace of their waterside house on Lake Washing-



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Roy White

What athletes should know about contact lenses.

The first thing you should know is that only a professional eye examination can determine your eyecare needs. This examination will show whether eyeglasses or contact lenses are better for you.

Wider field of vision.

While conventional eyeglasses are a vital part of the lives of millions of people with poor eyesight, contact lenses provide greater field of vision because they rest directly on the eye itself. For anyone who requires seeing a wide field, this benefit alone could make all the difference in the world.

Contacts are not for everyone.

Contact lenses can't correct every form of vision problem or be worn by everyone, but it's amazing how many people they *can* help. Some people will not achieve the same degree of vision correction with contact lenses as they do with eyeglasses. Naturally, you must have your eyes examined professionally to determine whether you can benefit from contact lenses. And it's reassuring to

know that most common vision problems in healthy eyes that can be corrected with eyeglasses can also be corrected with contact lenses, although your particular eyes will determine which is better.

Getting used to contact lenses—it's getting easier all the time.

Time was when a person newly fitted with contact lenses experienced weeks of gradual—and often uncomfortable—adjustment. But with new designs and softer lens materials the break-in period has been shortened, and these newer contact lenses often feel comfortable right from the start.

Contact lenses for athletes? Definitely.

Another advantage of the newer contact lenses is that they stay more snugly in place through the jostles and jolts of active sports. Although they should not be worn while swimming, contact lenses are worn regularly by many professional, college, and high-school athletes in other sports.

Easy to care for.

Because contact lenses rest directly on the eye, they must be kept clean and aseptic. Daily lens cleaning and aseptizing are important. These procedures are different for hard lenses and soft lenses, but either process takes only minutes a day. Caring for contact lenses is really no more taxing than good dental hygiene.

An eye examination... where everything starts.

Contact lenses may be right for you—but that can only be determined by having your eyes examined. Millions of people neglect their eyes. A regular professional examination is the best way to protect the priceless miracle of sight. Shouldn't you make a checkup appointment today?

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ten for some 50 people, including the members of the U.S. and British Curtis Cup teams. The guests were transported on club members' boats from the Seattle Yacht Club to the Itharfeldt home. On the return trip Debbie Massey, a bright, easygoing 23-year-old who was the tournament's medalist with a two-under-par 70, and P. J. Boatwright, the long, lean and patrician-looking executive director of the USGA, were kidding each other on the stern deck of their craft, Boatwright gesturing as if he intended to toss Debbie overboard. Massey, who is 5'8", lifted P. J., who is approximately 6'2", and held him aloft until he pleaded to be set down, saying she might hurt her back. "I could just see the headline," said Boatwright the next day. CURTIS CUPPER FORCED TO WITHDRAW! INJURED WHILE HORSEING AROUND WITH USGA P&C.

Massey, who taught skiing at Mount Snow, Vt. last winter while keeping her golf game in shape by hitting balls into a net, has won three important amateur events this year, finished last amateur in the Women's Open at La Grange, Ill. (tied for seventh) and played on the winning U.S. Curtis Cup team three weeks ago in San Francisco. Last week, Debbie had to beat three tough opponents to reach the semifinal round, and once there she faced probably the only one in the tournament who could have beaten her, Cindy Hill.

On the eve of their match Massey said, "I don't think we've ever played before, but I know what kind of golfer she is and therefore what kind of golf I have to play. She's a great player and I am going to have to do my best."

Massey, as it turned out, was not at her best. Possibly she was unnerved by Hill's birdies on the first two holes. Cindy, playing superbly around the greens and just about everywhere else, too, closed it out, 4 and 2.

Meanwhile, in the other half of the draw, Carol Semple was making things as hard for herself as she could, battling back from behind in every match but one to reach the final, and charming the galleries with her unaffected manner and her big, easy swing.

"I don't know why I always get

down," she said in one of her daily bouts of self-analysis for the benefit of the inquiring press. "I would much rather my battle back from behind."

Carol spent the winter at La Romana, a resort in the Dominican Republic with a course designed by golf architect Pete Dye. She had been hired to organize recreation programs, but when it was discovered she had a real estate license and some experience near her home in Sewickley, Pa., she was put to work selling condominiums. She also took up polo. Heather Semple, 14, who followed her sister Carol every step of the way at Broadmoor, said, "We'll hunt, and polo was a sort of cross between riding and golf. She's really good at it, too."

Early this summer Semple won the British Amateur, the first American golfer to take the title in 10 years. The victory gave her two national championships in one calendar year, but since then she has not played well in the big tournaments: the Broadmoor (Colo.) Invitational, the Western Women's Amateur

and the Trans-National. "Things are just back to normal," she said. "I still can't believe I won the British. I played spectacularly."

The morning of the final round was foggy and cool and the dew was heavy for the first time, making the course play somewhat longer and complicating club selection. But none of this was enough to explain the way Hill and Semple played the morning 18 of the 36-hole final. They went at it as if the object were to come out high-scorer. After nine holes Semple was seven over par and two down. Through 18 she had shot an 84 to Hill's 79 and was three down. The pair had totaled one birdie, 18 bogeys and a double-bogey.

Something settled them down during the lunch break—maybe food, quite possibly embarrassment. Hill immediately extended her lead to four, and at the 23rd and 26th she added two more, but this time she was winning her holes with birdies and halving them with pars. Semple, who was six down and probably would have been counted out had it not been for her come-from-behind wins earlier, finally got one back at the 27th when she sank a 10-footer for a birdie to Hill's par. In the course of nine holes, the 19th through the 27th, Semple had been in position to win holes three times and each time Hill had topped her effort with an even bigger one.

The gallery of 1,500 people, plodding through the still wet grass, was rooting for Semple to pull off a miracle but whistling softly in awe of Hill's play. Semple held on, though, during the 31st hole with a 25-foot birdie putt, but the lop-sided battle ended on the 32nd, the par-3 14th, when she left herself a 50-foot putt. She managed to get the ball down in two for par, but when Hill did, too, the match was over.

Cindy Hill, who had lost in the finals in 1970 and 1972, was a winner at last. She had played two-under-par golf in the afternoon round and Semple had improved to even par, so no one had to feel embarrassed, except possibly Hill's young caddy, Dave Shaker, who blushed through his freckles when the winner kissed him on the cheek but looked pleased all the same. **END**



ALL WEEK NOTHING WAS SIMPLE FOR SEMPLE



Led by omnipotent Pitcher Joen Joyce, the American team took the world title from the Japanese, who practiced under the rising sun

The early birds squirmed

From the parking lot of Stratford, Conn.'s Memorial Field at seven one morning last week, the still-cold smokestacks of the Raybestos-Manhattan industrial plant could be seen off in the distance. The railroad tracks that separate the chimneys from the field were empty, awaiting the passage of the early morning New Haven-to-New York commuter special. Dew was still on the grass, and from the diamond the chirping of what sounded like a hundred hungry birds was heard. Only there were no curly birds looking for worms. The music was the high, lilting chatter of the Japanese women's softball team as it worked through its morning practice session in

preparation for an 8:30 a.m. game in the Women's World Softball Tournament. The Japanese had finished their previous night's game at 11:30, and since it is their custom to practice before every contest, they awoke to eat a five o'clock breakfast and proceeded to Memorial Field. They hoped their early diligence would be rewarded not with a worm but with their second consecutive world fast-pitch championship: they previously had won in 1970 at Osaka.

Despite their early rising and their regimen of counting every lap and pitch, charting every opposing batter, measuring every distance with a tape, weighing every softball and clocking every oppos-

ing runner, the Japanese—and the 13 other foreign entries—were no match for the Raybestos Brakettes. The Brakettes, who represented the U.S., swept all nine of their games without allowing a run and knocked off Japan 3-0 before 12,500 fans in the championship finale. By winning, they brought the world title to America for the first time in the 10-year history of this now-quadrennial event.

Besides the U.S. and Japan, there were three other serious contenders for the title in the field that included representatives from countries as diverse as the Republic of China, New Zealand, Mexico and South Africa. The Netherlands was the crowd's sentimental favorite. At first the fans were attracted by the Dutch women's striking uniforms, formfitting white T-shirts and royal blue ballerina tights, and their even more striking looks—platinum blonde hair and heavy blue eye shadow. But the spectators soon began to applaud the Dutch for the infectious enthusiasm that helped them overcome a tendency to throw only with their arms, as most Europeans do.

The Philippines were also a threat, mostly because of the left-handed pitching of pudgy Julia Tayo, who had lost a 13-inning heartbreaker to the Japanese in the recent Asian Games, and also because of a flashy infield anchored by Third Baseman Josefina Cruz, who charged slow rolling ground balls, snatched them bare-handed and fired them to first base as she leaped high in the air and kicked her heels like a Russian dancer.

The only other team given a chance was Australia, whose tall, awkward players were powerful at the plate but less than proficient in the field. The day following a particularly disastrous game in which their shortstop made four errors in one inning, the Aussies assembled for a lecture by Coach Myrtle Edwards. While her team sat in a tight circle on the ground, Edwards, a strapping woman wearing a long, pleated skirt and a white sailor cap pulled down over her ears, admonished them with a wagging finger in the traditional manner of English schoolmistresses. Her sternness was of no avail. The Aussies twice were defeated by the U.S., and during one of the losses they struck out in 20 of their 21 plate appearances against the deliveries of the most powerful

continued

BIG THREE UP!

G.M., Ford, Chrysler Hike Prices.

DETROIT—To keep up with recent rises in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and options.

This is GM's seventh price rise since the end of the '73 model year. Increases have included not only the basic vehicle but extra standard equipment, optional equipment and destination charges. The increases average over \$550 per vehicle over final '73 model prices.

It was the sixth

Ford and Chrysler, hiking their prices a total average of \$584 and \$459 respectively.

Extraordinary Increases

The multiple price increases put into effect by the auto makers are unusual for the industry, which in the past tried to limit increases to one per model year.

However, the recent rises in the cost of materials have forced the auto makers to raise prices.



Little One Down!



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SOFTBALL Forward

woman softball pitcher in the world.

The star of the United States team, as she has been for the past 15 years, was Joan Joyce. A shy, muscular 33-year-old righthander, Joyce hurled a perfect game, two other no-hitters and two one-hitters. In her 20-strikeout performance against Australia she did not allow a ball to be hit in fair territory; the 21st out was recorded on a pickoff play after a batter had walked. She set a tournament record by fanning 76 batters in 36 innings. Joyce so dominated the event that when she warmed up before a game the opposing team's pitcher often would stand unselfconsciously behind her and sigh in awe. The Japanese women clustered around 5'10" Joyce like Lilliputians beside Gulliver and uttered a shrill and startled "aw!" whenever she unleashed one of her rising fastballs. The ace of the Japanese staff, 4'11", 90-pound Michiko Matsumura, admires Joyce so thoroughly that she said her primary goal in coming to the world championship was to learn about pitching from the American star. That was a surprising admission from a player who at the age of 19 had pitched 30 innings without surrendering an earned run in the 1970 world tournament.

Matsumura's admiration was not misplaced. In the final game against Japan Joyce struck out 15 hitters, 11 of the first 12 of whom tried to hunt their way on base despite a team batting average of more than .400 for the nine-day tournament.

Although the outcome was never seriously in doubt as Joyce mowed down batter after batter, the championship game was scoreless for the first 3½ innings. The Americans were having difficulty solving the unorthodox delivery of Japan's Miyoko Naruse, who won three games and led the hitters of all nations with a .515 batting average. By the bottom of the fourth the U.S. women had adjusted their timing and pushed across the only three runs of the game. The winning hit, a bases-loaded double up the right centerfield alley, was delivered by 26-year-old So-and Baseman Willie (Wilhelmina) Rose, who was born in Hamden, Germany. Rose, who immigrated to the U.S. in 1958 and has been playing with the Brakettes for eight years, teaches physical education during the winter and once again lives in a town named Hamden, this one in Connecticut. She came through with her hit after Na-

ruse had handed out two intentional passes to face her.

"It was just a matter of time before we got to her," Rose said. "I was never in doubt. I just wanted to get a run as soon as possible, and then Joanne would hold them. Sometimes when you play a team you're supposed to beat and you let them stay with you for a while, they start playing harder and it's more difficult for you to scrounge out a run. I knew that if I didn't come through someone else would."

One Brakette who has been coming through for the team all season and who hitted .500 in the tournament was Third Baseman Irene Shea. Slim, quick, 31 years old, Shea played her position flawlessly in the finals, even though the Japanese repeatedly hunted in her direction. They were thrown out every time.

Like most of the women playing softball—or any game, for that matter—Shea feels she was deprived of an opportunity to excel in sports when she was younger. "When I was 12 growing up in Blandford, N.Y. I was better than all the boys in my neighborhood in any sport: baseball, basketball, even ice hockey," she said before the finals. "Oh, I could join in their games in the park, but I couldn't play Little League baseball. Yes, I feel deprived. Lots of girls were deprived of sports as an outlet in those days. It's funny—a father would never think of telling his daughter to deliberately flunk a test in school, yet he'd try to discourage her from playing sports too seriously. People should never try to discourage you from something you're good at. If your body is something you can do things with on a sports field, then you should be allowed to."

"Still, I don't know whether I'd like to see softball get as professional as other sports. I wonder if it doesn't destroy your desire to produce when you're making a lot of money for playing sports. My attitude toward softball might change if there were a price tag attached to it. As it is now, softball is a very satisfying outlet for me. I'm not looking for anything, any publicity or money, but I have no resentment toward anyone who makes a lot of money at a sport. I just love going out to play a game without worrying about anything but the game. I think the fans sense this in the girls, and that's why they enjoy watching us play." Indeed, it would be hard not to like a team that is so good it beats even the early birds. **END**

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Two can do the Crst Twist

A retired book editor from Texas has come up with a challenging new two-hand version of the game that is also a good deal of fun for one

Despite such alluring names as homonym bridge, two-hand versions of the game have never achieved widespread popularity. Now Clifford Mortimer Crst of Houston, former editor in chief of Alfred A. Knopf's College Department and a longtime bridge player, has come up with a new version, one that has a twofold chance of becoming successful because it can be played either by two people or as a game of solitaire.

The Crst Twist, as Cliff's friends have come to call it, is a game of slam or no score at all. The first player to be the declarer (South)—*i.e.*, whoever cuts the higher card—simply builds toward a slam hand by turning up an ordinary deck four cards at a time, selecting one card from each group before turning up the next four. The defender (West), who is fully aware of the declarer's choices—all hands are left face up on the table—must then try to foil his opponent's slam plans as he selects his own hand from the remaining 39 cards, which are now thoroughly reshuffled and turned up in packets of three.

A lost cause? Not quite. The declarer, who is the only player allowed to "bid," has a second chance to ensure a slam when he next draws his dummy from the last 26 cards, reshuffled and turned face up two at a time. But he is not always going to be successful even at that. Crst's game, which at first might seem to depend entirely on the luck of the draw, involves a considerable amount of skill.

For one thing, a packet of four cards will frequently contain several of value to the declarer, all but one of which must be passed up. Or a packet may contain all "useless" cards, one of which he has to take. If this leaves some holes in the declarer's hand, and indeed it might, the defender can be similarly stymied. He, too, must sometimes pass up a valuable card in order to keep an even more essential one. Thus the deciding factor is often the selection of the dummy's hand.

The declarer knows exactly which cards West has had to pass up, and with some pretty planning he can establish a dummy that will take care of his losers—or change his strategy and go for a slam contract different from the one he had in mind. The final layout—the remaining 13 cards form the East hand, which the defender plays—can also provide situations demanding real skill.

Sound confusing? It isn't really. Try it a few times, either by yourself or with your intended victim. Since the hands are played openly, there is no harm in giving each other advice—or pointing out errors. And even when playing alone, it can be almost as much of a challenge to try to beat yourself as it is to trounce a flesh-and-blood adversary.

According to available statistics on the game, the declarer will be able to name a slam he can make about four hands in five. The rank of the slam is the key to the competition, and Crst has devised three scoring categories: small slams, which can earn a declarer one point; grand slams in a suit (two points), and a grand slam at no trump (three points). The game is played in rounds of two deals each, but only one declarer can score on each round. The first declarer naturally tries for a grand slam at no trump or in the highest-ranking suit (spades are high, clubs low, as in regular contract bridge) but may have to settle for a small slam. The second player, who becomes the declarer on the second deal and thus has the advantage of knowing exactly what it will take to win the round, must then better his opponent's slam or go scoreless.

To even the chances, the second declarer on each round automatically becomes the first declarer on the succeeding round. To increase the possibilities for scoring and to break ties, honors are also taken into account—six hearts made with 150 honors beats six hearts made with only 100 honors, and so forth—but

in the case of an exact tie, neither player scores on that round. Also, the declarer has the right to concede defeat without playing the hand out, for which he scores zero, but should be elect to play and then fail to make his announced contract, the defender scores double the value of that slam. The winner of the game is the first player to reach 15 points.

When drawing his hand, declarer will almost invariably keep any ace or king. As a rule he should also try for a largely two-suited hand as being the easiest to build as well as posing the most difficult problems for the defender to draw against. Having decided which suits he will try for—frequently the choice is forced according to the luck of the early draws—declarer will often properly choose a smaller card in these suits in preference to, say, a queen of another suit.

The defender, on the other hand, must try to corral enough of the valuable cards remaining to 1) stop the declarer's suits and 2), even more important, thwart the declarer's attempts to reach his dummy. The more key cards outstanding, the more difficult it will be for the defender to garner all of them.

To see how this axiom applies, consider the following deal. The declarer first draws these 12 cards:

♠ A K Q J 10 5 ♥ A J 9 ♦ A K ♣ A

The last packet, from which he has to select his 13th card, includes two spades, the 9 and the 2, and two clubs, the king and the 2. Assuming that this is the first deal of the game or that making six spades will at least tie the previous slam, which card would you choose?

It is tempting to take the 9 of spades, ensuring that you will win all the spade tricks. But your chance of avoiding two heart losers hinges largely on West's having the bad luck to draw both the king and queen of hearts in the same packet, in which case he could choose only one.

Failing this, you might also succeed if

		NORTH	
		♠ 8 7 3	
		♥ 10 8 7	
		♦ Q J 8 7	
		♣ Q 10 5	
		EAST	
		♠ 2	
		♥ 5 4 3 2	
		♦ 5 4 3 2	
		♣ 7 6 4 3	
		SOUTH	
		♠ A K Q J 10 5	
		♥ A J 9	
		♦ A K	
		♣ A 2	

you could establish a dummy containing no more than two hearts and enough trumps to ruff one of your heart losers. You may be sure, however, that West will try to take exactly three hearts, including the king-queen, and as many spades as he can collect.

So the 9 of spades is out, as is the spade deuce for the same reasons, and the king of clubs will not improve your chances of avoiding two heart losers, either. But it may be that keeping the lowest card in the deck will save the day. Why? Because this will force West to try to select the king and queen of hearts and the king of clubs along with all the spades he can gather, and there is a good chance that more than one of these key cards will turn up in a single packet. Thus you keep the club 2.

But suppose luck is with your opponent and he is able to build the West hand shown in the diagram. Do you give up on your six-spade contract? Not if you have calculated your play with care.

If West leads a spade, you cash three trumps and the ace-king of diamonds, then lead the jack of hearts. Should West take the trick, any card he returns will let you get to dummy with the 10 of hearts, the queen of clubs or the good diamonds, on which you discard your losers. If West ducks the heart jack, you cash the ace and throw him in with a heart for the same result. Nor will any other opening lead help. A diamond lead alters nothing. Leading the king of hearts lets you win and, after stripping trumps and top diamonds, you lead the jack of hearts. West is cooked whether he wins this heart or the next one.

A low club opening won in dummy sets up a similar endplay. You take the ace-king of diamonds and run all your trumps. If West unguards his club king, you cash the ace and lead the heart jack. Or, if West discards a heart, you cash the heart ace and lead another heart, winning the last tricks with a heart and the club ace.

Deals involving such complex playing problems are infrequent, but they come up often enough to require that some hands be played out. In short, Crist's Twist offers definite possibilities for family play. And it will serve as a good alternative for two experts who would otherwise be forced to make up a game with a pair of arrant duffers or play something other than their beloved bridge. **END**

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George Sholty, trainer and part owner of the colt Boyden Hanover, was limping when he arrived at New York's Yonkers Raceway last Saturday night, and he was still hobbling, sad to say, when he left. But there were encouraging signs of recovery in between. They occurred mostly after Boyden Hanover won the \$121,822 Cane Pace, a triumph that sent Sholty bounding through the paddock as though the knee surgery he had undergone a month before had never happened. "You know," he said slyly, "if I had to, I think I could run clear to the winner's circle."

The therapeutic value of the victory went beyond the fact that the Cane is, as they say, the first jewel in pacing's Triple Crown. Boyden Hanover was the outstanding 2-year-old pacer of 1973, and the big buy has since turned in a couple of 1:56 miles that are the fastest clockings by any harness horse this year. But a week before the Cane, just as the sport's publicists were starting to call him a superhorse, he was twice upset by Armbr Omaha, a Canadian-bred colt trained by Billy Haughton. Afterward Haughton, the biggest money-winner in harness racing history, said pointedly, "Frankly, I don't know why people were that high on Boyden to begin with."

Coming as it did in a 14-horse field that included Armbr Omaha as well as three other Haughton-trained colts, Boyden Hanover's victory was quadruply sweet revenge. The number of entrants was the largest in the event's 20-year history, and Yonkers split the field into two divisions, running them as the first two races of the evening. The first four finishers in each division would then return in a non-betting raceoff for the top prize.

With Billy Herman, Sholty's assistant, driving in place of the boss, Boyden Hanover took both his heat and the final, bringing his 1974 record to eight wins in 13 starts. He earned \$51,165, swelling his lifetime winnings to \$285,350, a sum that must inspire suicidal notions among the people who spurned him as a yearling.

The poor souls in question had authorized Sholty to buy them a colt at the 1972 Harrisburg sale, and it was Boyden Hanover, by Best of All out of Bouquet Hanover, that the trainer picked. However, after plunking down the \$20,000 purchase price he was politely informed that the prospective owners had changed

Lame George got himself a big Cane

And Boyden Hanover straightened out the doubting Billy Haughton

their minds. Sholty was stuck for the full amount until Jim Picciano, a Long Island neighbor, offered to buy a one-quarter interest and to enlist a friend to do the same. But Picciano, a printer, first had to convince his wife of the wisdom of investing \$5,000 of their \$8,000 life savings in a horse. "What can we lose?" he asked. "We can't be any poorer than we already are." The Piccianos are, in fact, decidedly richer, having netted at least triple their investment.

Sholty retained 50% for himself, and his cut of Boyden Hanover's winnings has seen him through some rocky times. The 41-year-old trainer is a scrappy fellow whose 5'11" height did not prevent him from being a pretty fair guard on his high school basketball team back home in Logansport, Ind. He has been successful both as a trainer and catch driver for other trainers, but a stomach operation sidelined him much of last year. Then came the knee surgery to repair cartilage damaged when he bull-dogged a steer—or tried to—at a rodeo party in Florida. He hopes to resume driving in a few weeks, but expects to leave Boyden Hanover in Herman's care.

Haughton, by contrast, seldom slows down for anything. A member of the Hall of Fame of the Trotter, he remains the sport's biggest operator, relying on 11 assistants to help look after his far-flung stable of 120-odd horses. But Haughton has quality as well as big numbers, and it was an honest assessment of his four-horse entry in the Cane when he said, "Any one of them could win. Whichever one gets the breaks."

In June, even before Armbr Omaha

won the Adios, another Haughton 3-year-old, Bret's Star, defeated Boyden Hanover by 5½ lengths at Chicago's Sportsman's Park. He seemed a fair bet to do it again following his fine showing in the opening division of the Cane. Thunderstorms had drenched New York during the day, flooding highways so badly that Ben Webster, hired by Haughton to drive Bret's Star, arrived at Yonkers barely in time to mount the sulky. Despite a sodden track, Bret's Star won the mile heat in a sizzling 1:59½, with Keystone Presto, Haughton at the reins, a strong second.

But Haughton's forces fared less well in the next heat. Boyden Hanover was in this one and, starting from the sixth position, he went in front at the quarter pole and stayed there, stubbornly holding off Haughton and Armbr Omaha to win in 2:00½. Although Armbr Omaha's second-place finish qualified him for the final, Yonkers' half-mile track did not lend itself to the sort of stretch drive he had waged to win the Adios on the five-eighths-of-a-mile track at Pennsylvania's Meadows raceway. "My horse isn't a front-runner," said Haughton, "and the stretch here is too short for him."

In the final Haughton drove Keystone Presto and quickly dropped out of contention. His stablemates, Bret's Star and Armbr Omaha, were first and second at the half, but the poky 1:00½ clocking encouraged Billy Herman to move outside, and there he remained, whipping Boyden past Bret's Star to win in 2:00½ by half a length. "In his first race he went to the front to win," coaxed George Sholty. "In the second one he came out of the hole to do it. I don't know what more you could ask of him."

As for Haughton, his stable earned a total of \$52,450 in the Cane, which left him just a few big victories shy of becoming the first harness horseman to amass \$20 million. Haughton said he would probably enter five horses in next month's Little Brown Jug, the Triple Crown's second jewel, but conceded that Sholty's horse deserved to be the favorite.

"I was impressed that Boyden Hanover could park outside for half a mile like that and still win," Haughton said. "Before, I didn't think he was a strong finisher, but he sure changed my mind." Even Boyden Hanover's No. 1 detractor was sounding like a believer. **END**

Doubt shrouds the ultimate 1983, as America's Cup eliminations begin.
—*Continued from page 2 and 3*— by **CARLETON MITCHELL**



Sea of Turmoil

A dramatic photograph of a sailboat named "SOUTHERN CROSS" in a rough sea. The boat is tilted, and the crew is working hard. A red diagonal line cuts across the image.

SOUTHERN CROSS

CONTINUED



Sea of Turmoil continued

to eliminate most fickle slants of winds and swirls of tidal current; deep enough for untroubled navigation, yet shallow enough for committée and mark boats to anchor. In challenge years the special America's Cup buoy is positioned seven nautical miles south-southeast of Brenton Reef Light, allowing courses to be laid in any direction, as dictated by the wind at the start. It is an area that has a special character: smell of salt, damp of

fog, glint of sun on short steep crests, smoky sou'westers in late afternoon muting distant headlands.

It is also water with history and a heritage, where the wakes of bygone ships have woven a tapestry predating the formation of the republic. Newport has witnessed the passing of the frigates and the clippers, the whalers and the working schooners, as well as the entire pageant of American yachting. And while the cur-

continued

Like a breeze freshening from the sea, tension is rising in Newport. Offshore, tall 12-meter yachts are racing, and for once in America's Cup competition nothing seems certain, not even ultimate U.S. victory. Never have so many diverse elements and unanswered questions stoked arguments from stately mansion to waterfront pub. On only one subject is there universal agreement: the 1974 battle for the silver ewer won by the schooner *America* 123 years ago this week is potentially the most exciting in history. Not only do the final trials among the four American candidates for defense seem certain to culminate in a replay of the classic *Columbia-Vim* battles of 1958, but the winner is sure to meet a worthy challenger. Twenty-one times American defenders have turned back foreign invaders in the oldest unbroken string of victories in sport, but this year they will be up against the survivor of elimination matches being sailed by unusually strong Australian and French crews to determine the challenger. Far from being psyched out by the U.S. record, the Aussies are distributing bumper stickers and lapel buttons proclaiming: AMERICA'S CUP—AUSTRALIA'S CUP. The Aussies are assuming, of course, that their *Southern Cross* will not be surprised by a rejuvenated *France*, a possibility not wholly discounted by a few who have watched practice sessions.

Thus once again lean lithe vessels slip past the sloping lawns of Brenton Cove to meet in lone combat. The blue amphitheater off Newport is rare among the waters of the world: far enough offshore



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE SILE

France, with Courageous ahead, knifes through a bobble of sea; at right, Courageous (top) and Valiant circle before a start.

rent contenders built to the 12-meter rule are small in comparison with the pre-World War II J-boats, they are no less lovely, nor is the drama diminished. Aboard there is a sense of drive, of power, of exultation in swoop and silent glide akin to soaring or skiing or surfing—other sports where the forces of nature are transposed into free motion. From afar they remain among the loveliest creations of man, majestic anachronisms, in their perfection of form perhaps the highest development of a doomed species.

Yet the pressures of the moment allow little time for esthetic contemplation by those involved. The U.S. final trials began last week and will go on until all but one contender have fallen by the watery wayside, the sole time limit being the clause in the rules stipulating that both challenger and defender be named at least one week before Sept. 10, when matches for the cup itself begin. Every move will be scrutinized by the New York Yacht Club's Selection Committee, an assemblage of ex-commanders who are also racing sailors, their single goal to choose the yacht most likely to keep the cup firmly hoisted to a table on Manhattan's 44th Street. The knowledge that a plate with a correctly threaded bolt-hole has already been installed in Australia's Royal Perth Yacht Club has no doubt provided a special incentive this year to keeping close tabs on helmsmanship, sail handling and the myriad other factors adding up to the go-fastest boat and crew with the least danger of breaking down under mounting pressure—and the stronger winds of September. While such evaluation has been in process all summer, past selections show it is the finals that count the most. In 1964 *Contestellum* was chosen over *American Eagle* after a score of nearly zero against her in the early races.

Intrepid went into the decisive series with the best record. She was 6-4 over *Courageous*, 6-1 against *Vahana* and 2-0 over the highest *Morrier*. Also, *Intrepid* won two NYYC Cruise races impressively. Although they do not officially count, it is hard to eradicate such evidence from the minds of the jury. And in her first match in the finals, *Intrepid* defeated *Courageous* again in a real *Five-Columbus* cliffhanger.

Intrepid led at the start and around the first three marks. Then *Courageous* stormed past to lead for the next two

buoys. On rounding into the last beat the spinnaker of *Courageous* slipped overboard to act as a huge sea anchor, and *Intrepid* went on to win by 31 seconds. The second race was even closer. *Intrepid* was first over the starting line by one second, but after 24.3 miles of uplight competition *Courageous* was victorious by two seconds. Watching the finish, no spectator in the 100-boat fleet knew which Twelve had won until the race committee's announcement of that breathtaking margin.

Should *Intrepid* win the trials, she will have achieved a collection of firsts: first boat to defend the cup three times (her victories in 1967 and 1970 placed her in a tie with the early *Columbus*, which defeated *Shamrock* and *Shamrock II* at the turn of the century); first defender from beyond the bounds of the Eastern Establishment; and first boat representing a sailing foundation largely financed by tax-deductible popular subscription—almost certainly the hope of the future. Skipper Gerry Driscoll, once Star class world champion and twice winner of the Congressional Cup, a series of match races not unlike the America's Cup except sailed in smaller boats, has proved worthy of wearing the mantle of his predecessors on *Intrepid*, Emil (Bos) Morsbacher Jr. in 1967 and Bill (Quacker) Ficker in '70. Alternate helmsman and tactician is Bill Buchan, Mallory Cup winner and twice world Star champ. Much credit for *Intrepid*'s success is attributed to sail trimmer—and sailmaker—John Marshall, who heads California's Lowell North's East Coast loft. *Intrepid*'s sails have been the envy of her competitors, while Driscoll's discipline and ceaseless practice sessions have resulted in a razor-sharp crew. An *Intrepid* victory would strike a blow at tank tests, computers and inorganic materials. By 12-meter standards *Intrepid* is an old and therefore, in theory, outbuilt boat, constructed of wood before the rules were changed to allow the use of aluminum. This metal affords a better sail area-to-weight ratio and should be faster. Should have been the irony of the summer.

Intrepid's only real rival so far has been *Courageous*, the latest design by Olin J. Stephens II, who also produced *Intrepid*. As a new boat she might be expected to be later in attaining peak form, the West Coast contender had a two-month lead in crew practice, evaluation of sails

and the perfection of details. When beaten, *Courageous* has never lagged far astern. *Intrepid* has got the better of several starts and has been superior to windward, a factor counting heavily on a 24.3-nautical-mile cup course that includes three beats of 4.5 miles each, but *Courageous* has been the faster off the wind. Crew members take this to mean that she has a higher potential hull speed, which will eventually be achieved on all points through the perfection of sails and the "little things."

Her skipper, Robert N. Bayler Jr., has shown in cup competition that he improves when the chips are down. In 1964 he took over the helm of *Contestellum* when her cause seemed hopeless after a string of early losses to *American Eagle* and went on to "beat the Bird" and defend the cup. He is cool, as aggressive as the situation requires, and is not only a student of tactics but an acknowledged authority on the rules. Old cup hand Halsey Herreshoff is navigator. Daily practice sessions prior to the finals have undoubtedly helped—as might some newly delivered Lowell North sails aloft and sailmaker Ted Hood in the cockpit, at first glance an odd combination. Hood, a sailor as well as sailmaker, was at the helm at times in last week's matches, in which North sails were indeed used by *Courageous*.

So there is the prospect of a rematch of those finals of 1958, when the closest and most exciting match races of all time were sailed: an older boat, *Intrepid* in the role of *Law*, through aggressive and skilful starting tactics and smart sail handling, almost upsetting a newer and faster creation, read *Courageous* for *Columbus*, from the board of the same master designer, Olin Stephens. In '58 the newer boat finally proved her superiority and was selected. But this time? Only further competition can answer the question: is *Courageous* potentially faster, or did *Intrepid* represent a design peak that cannot be exceeded? In either case, nobody at Newport disputes Bob Bayler's prediction: "It's going to be a tremendous dogfight between us and *Intrepid* right down to the finish. I can't see it any other way."

The remaining pair of U.S. Twelves are sad cases on the summer record. *Vahana*, sailed by the wonderful duo of George Hinman and Briggs Cunningham, whose combined ages well exceed that of the

cup, was never expected to serve as more than a trial horse for stablemate *Mariner* and as a fourth to keep the race pairings even. But great things were expected of *Mariner*, the brainchild of Britton Chance, an aluminum creation of angles like elbows and a stern resembling no 12-meter ever. In the preliminary trials her performance again made observers reach back to 1958 for a comparison, but unfortunately they were reminded of the challenger *Scripture*, which habitually trailed so far astern as to be virtually out of sight. *Mariner* was hauled away for major surgery, which entailed almost literally cutting her in half and grafting on a redesigned stern. Three days before the start of final trials *Mariner* was again out of water, having her rudder enlarged, but it was the morning before the finals that the most sensational alteration was made: Ted Turner, who has twice been Yachtsman of the Year, was replaced at the helm by young Dennis Conner, who had been sailing *Mariner* against *Vallant* for several days in practice sessions. The announcement flapped usually unflappable Newport. Conner, like Driscoll, has been a world Star class champion as well as Congressional Cup winner, the latter in 1973. In 1972 he had tied for another Congressional Cup (ultimately awarded to Argyle Campbell, winner of the single race Conner lost). Conner defeated Bill Ficker in both series of matches. Now he found himself catapulted into the biggest time of all. He had the pick of crews and sails from both *Mariner*, and *Vallant*, and Ted Turner took over *Vallant* in a concerted team effort.

With only one additional day of practice, Conner made *Mariner* look more competitive than she has ever been. He bested Turner on his first start and led *Vallant* all around the course. Second time out, *Mariner* not only took the start from *Intrepid* but remained ahead for the first two legs. Against *Courageous*, *Mariner* forced a tacking duel and had closed within a boat length when the shackle of her genoa parted, ending the threat. And time was ticking on remorselessly.

With the U.S. trials warmly under way, this week the foreign eliminations begin. Unlike the American matches, from which the defender will be selected by a committee on the basis of however many races it deems necessary, the Australians and French meet in a best-of-seven se-

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Sea of Turmoil *continued*

ries. The honor of challenging will go automatically to the first nation to win four races, as possession of the America's Cup will likewise be decided.

Waterfront sages unquestionably favor the Aussies. Not only have their bold confidence and psychological ploys had an effect, but they have already shown us two Twelves that were surely the fastest afloat in their day. That they did not take home the cup with *Gretel* in 1962 and *Gretel II* in 1970 again proved that winning match races is not purely a matter of boat speed, and this time the Aussies give every indication of having learned their lesson. So there are many who agree with their claim: *Southern Cross* will prove to be the best boat of her class in the world.

Yet there are those who argue that the

Mariner is inspected after return from surgery to confirm that she fits the rule; below, Bob Barier drives *Conspicuous* upwind, opposite, the dry-coated *Intrepid* hangs from her hoist.



French cannot be written off. Some memories are long enough to go beyond the tragicomic spectacle of *France* getting lost in the fog on the final day of the 1970 eliminations. They recall her showing against *Gretel II* during the opening races. In the first match, with the Swiss Louis Noverraz on the helm, *France* was leading by a good margin coming to the last mark, almost certain victory in sight, when she ran into an absolutely breathless patch on the turn. *Gretel*'s Jim Hardy reacted as would any alert skipper in any race. He sailed wide around, carrying the breeze, and was on his way to the finish before the French had regained steerageway. Next day, although Baron Marcel Bach, the French challenger, removed Noverraz from the helm in favor of Pierre Delfour, *France* again did well, leading around two marks, and was only defeated when *Gretel II* slipped past near the finish on an earlier sail change. They were a pair of heartbreakers. Louis Noverraz was back for the third race, yet

continued





Javepid's Gerry Driscoll.



France's Jean Le Cuillou.



*Marlbor's Dennis Canner,
Southern Cross' Jim Hardy.*



*Alon Bond,
Marcel Bich.*



the damage had been done: *France* lost, so Baron Bich himself took the helm for the last match, with the result a foregone conclusion.

Despite spending seven weeks sunk in the North Sea after being caught by a gale when in tow from Copenhagen to Le Havre in midwinter, *France* seems faster than before. Six months were spent drying out in the yard of her builder, Herman Egger. The rudder area was increased, bow sections made finer and weights redistributed. *France* has a new mast, the sails appear better, and on deck is a well-schooled crew including nine veterans from the last campaign. On several occasions she has received the compliment of looking "competitive" to American helmsmen who have come alongside. But perhaps the most important modification to *France* is a new skipper who has been promised no interference. Jean Marie Le Cuillou, 33, was in Newport in '70 as an alternate but left in protest against Baron Bich's juggling of crews. He was world champion of the 3.3-meter class in 1969 and is the current French champion in the red-hot Solings after placing fourth at Kiel in the 1972 Olympics. He might have done better had he not concentrated on a personal duel with Paul Elvstrom of Denmark, the only yachtsman ever to win gold medals in four different Olympic games, and generally acknowledged to be without peer. Elvstrom previously had been named by Baron Bich as helmsman of *France*. Whether or not Le Cuillou took this as a personal affront is uncertain, but from the onset he stayed on top of Elvstrom. Twice in the early races Le Cuillou forced Elvstrom over the line before the start; then, in a wild melee when many boats converged on the favored end of the line, there was another confrontation and Elvstrom was disqualified. The next day, Le Cuillou maintains, he "was sailing *ruequilleme* toward the start," Elvstrom slightly ahead, when the Dane found he would again be over early. As Elvstrom tried to wriggle off the hook there was a collision. The Dane apparently had had enough. He turned around and went home, despite pleas by the Olympic Committee to return. Undoubtedly this played a part in eventually severing the French-Danish connection. Le Cuillou says nothing was intentional, but, as Baron Bich's son Bruno comments with a smile, "It would seem to be more than

continued

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Sea of Turmoil continued

coincidence." So this time France has a helmsman who is not only independent but would appear to embody the killer instinct Alan Bond is trying to instill in his Aussies.

All signs indicate beating *Southern Cross* will take some doing, either by the French contender or the American defender. There is a deadly efficient air about the invader from Down Under, a look of power, as befits a vessel nurtured in the near gales of the Indian Ocean, yet she appears to slip along with stealthy grace in lighter airs and a bobble of sea. Never has a challenger arrived in better shape, with a crew so carefully chosen and drilled, and never has an organization seemed so complete. The *Aussies* transported two 12-meters (*Gretel II* as trial horse), a tender and 44 people to Newport, and do not deny reports that the cost of the operation may mount to \$9 million. This, however, represents not only prize tags on the boats, transportation and living expenses for the entourage here and in Australia, but also building a harbor and other facilities on a deserted beach 26 miles north of Perth. Perth is four hours by jet from Sydney, traditionally the center of Australian yachting.

It is no secret that the prime impetus behind the challenge is a community bearing the unlikely name of Yanchep Sun City—present population approximately 2,000—a Florida-style development set down among sand dunes between the sea and a desert. And the home port of *Southern Cross* is no more unlikely than her owner, Alan Bond, who is also the creator of Yanchep Sun City. Bond is a latter-day empire builder, as 36 a multimillionaire who came to Australia as a penniless immigrant aged 13 and started as an apprentice sign painter. Energetic, imaginative, aggressive and tough, he was soon on the road to riches. Boats came next: ocean racers, first sailed in local waters, then the Bermuda race, transatlantic competition, the Admiral's Cup in Cowes, and now a go at the most hallowed trophy in yachting. In him are a love of sailing, plus a severe case of cup fever and hard commercialism. Bond has said of the purely sporting aspects of the effort: "America's Cup racing is far too competitive for that sort of sentimental nonsense today." At the entrance to Yanchep Sun City a roadside sign proclaims: HOME OF AUSTRALIA'S AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGE 1974.

The project reputedly can be charged to advertising, and every item of publicity stemming from the happenings in Newport can help sell a building lot. Should Australia succeed in capturing Sir Thomas Lipton's "Guld Mugs" (his attempts did not hurt the sale of tea), Sun City may well achieve Alan Bond's dream of 200,000 inhabitants—and in time an American return challenge.

Alan Bond is bringing to his operation the same ruthless drive that made him a success in business. Although in no uncertain way is he The Boss, reportedly he intends to avoid the mistakes of his predecessor, Sir Frank Packer, whose manipulation of crew and off-the-beat decisions resulted in a demoralization contributing to the defeat of the two *Gretels*. Jim Hardy, tempered in the fires of Australia's last unfortunate experience, is the helmsman of *Southern Cross*. While "slickered by Ficker" on several occasions during the '70 cup matches, Hardy is a cool and skillful man, and no doubt he has improved during interminable practice races. He will be backed by Hugh Treherne as tactician, who will take the helm if Hardy wants to study a special situation, although the Aussies "have not looked at a relief helmsman" in the American sense of the words. Ron Packer (no relation to Sir Frank) will navigate, and John Bertrand as sail trimmer completes the cockpit roll. Forward roam huge blond types—young, tough and so well drilled that Bertrand, a veteran of the '70 campaign, avers they were already better in early spring than the team aboard *Gretel II* last time in September.

Since arriving in Newport the Aussies have maintained a low profile. Gone are the beer bashes at what they called the Royal Cameo Yacht Club—a small waterfront pub named the Cameo where previous crews relaxed—partly because, in the words of Brian Leary, Bond's project manager and spokesman, "The boys are too tired at night to want to go out." Bond himself holds aloof from outside contacts. He is politely distant, yet the energy of his movements gives the impression of a volcano within. It will almost certainly erupt if any upsetting fouls occur. The Aussies have not forgotten the incidents of '70, culminating in *Gretel's* disqualification in a race she won. Watch for fireworks

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Sea of Turmoil continued

making the '70 uproar tame if the Aussies feel they are being done wrong by. It has long since been announced that every close situation would be monitored on videotape, and that a rules expert, as well as a lawyer, would be on hand. While Brian Leary diplomatically insists neither is being brought in anticipation of the worst, no one who knows Bond expects him to stand meekly by in case of an argument. Especially since, as one cynic commented, "The same headlines which sold newspapers will sell lots."

Now comes the biggest question of all: How fast is *Southern Cross* in relation to America's best? Probably in no other sport is it harder to create a form sheet, as pure speed is not necessarily the deciding factor. Part of the Australian confidence stems from *Intrepid's* success. *Gretel II* was the faster boat four years ago, and *Courageous* is no faster than *Intrepid*. As *Gretel II* is unchanged since the last cup matches and therefore constitutes an accurate yardstick ("We are even using the same sails," Jim Hardy says), and as *Southern Cross* is faster than *Gretel II*, Australian designer Bob Miller must have come up with something superior to the present American crop of Twelves.

The counter to this by those in the know is the conviction that *Intrepid* is vastly superior to the boat that still was able to win in 1970. The highly controversial modifications made then by Brit Chance have been removed; Olin Stephens went back to the original '67 lines, then improved on them with extensive tank tests. Although she is not of aluminum, some of the lighter metal was used in strengthening the hull after skinning out every unnecessary ounce, and at least 1,000 pounds of lead were added to the keel. Further, under a "grandfather clause" allowing previously built boats to retain their fittings, *Intrepid* can still use her old titanium mast, lighter than the aluminum spars now required. Finally, she is being "dry-sailed," which means she is lifted out of the water each night, eliminating the possibility of absorbing extra weight. If *Intrepid* can get by *Courageous* to be selected defender, she will represent the best this nation has to offer, and no alibi—but it will be a sad commentary on the progress of American design, especially if *Southern Cross* proves faster. That remains to be seen.

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IN A CLASS BY ITSELF



Larry Dechant, Executive Assistant Manager, Rye Town Hilton Inn, Rye, N.Y.
Kathy Dechant, teacher of business education Port Chester High School, Port Chester, N.Y.
New subscribers to MONEY.



Like so many young couples, Kathy and Larry Dechant have most of their important decisions ahead of them. Kathy hopes to earn her Master's in School Psychology and Larry has as his goal a hotel general managership. The little free time they do have is spent together with their daughter Lauren.

Kathy originally subscribed to MONEY because she thought it would be helpful in teaching one of her courses. After several issues both she and her husband have found it to be in a class by itself at home, too. Kathy: "I used the article on warranties to clarify a complex subject for my class. Then I followed the magazine on how to start a vegetable garden and the results have been fantastic."

Larry: "Information on income averaging saved us roughly \$200 on our taxes this year. I also used the story, 'How to Ask For a Raise,' and it worked."

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Money

the magazine of personal finance from TIME INC.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 12-18

SEYDLING—ANTON TKAC of Czechoslovakia won the men's amateur sprint event at the world championships in Montreal. Russian TAMARA PILLIKIDOU captured American Sue Nevins to win the women's amateur sprint race and HANS LUTZ of West Germany took the men's amateur individual pursuit competition.

SEATHUN—Jensrud and Coorsman, the leading contenders to defend the America's Cup, split a pair of races in the final trials on Rhode Island Sound off Newport (July 24).

BENNY SPRAGUE III of Newport Beach, Calif., became the first American to win the First Gold Cup, sweeping the world championship under off Long Beach, Calif.

OSWORN—KEITH RUSSELL of Mesa, Ariz., became the only double winner at the AAU national outdoor championships in Brentwood, Ala., by taking the 10-meter platform and the 540-foot spring and the three-meter springboard over defending champion Luigi Paul Rega. (525.60, 97.55, 110.00) and KIMBERLY of Columbus, Ohio, won the one-meter springboard with a score of 95.55. CYNTHIA POTTER of Houston completed six 24-point dives with the women's one-meter, but was edged out 232.99 to 232.69 on the three-meter by CHRISTINE LOCKR of Long Beach, Calif. (14.44) YORK of Vancouver, B.C., took the 10-meter platform with 362.10 points.

PGA FOOTBALL—NFL All players were welcomed to training camps last week—with a few exceptions. Houston Coach Sam Gilliam turned away rookie strikers at the gate, a decision he may be regretting after Dallas, who fought St. Louis back to second place, beat the Oilers (16-17). Pittsburgh coach Chuck Weis and Oakland turned back Denver (40-16). Cleveland signed by San Francisco 21-20 where Cleveland topped Atlanta in overtime. Buffalo again defeated the Jets 21-13 in their annual Yale Bowl face-off. Los Angeles defeated Kansas City 54-16, Cereb Bay won 20-16 over Chicago and Baltimore overpowered Cleveland 37-13. In other preseason action, Denver topped the Jets 16-13, Buffalo signed Washington (16-13) and New England beat the Saints 34-10. Los Angeles defeated San Diego 48-14, the Bills took the Chiefs 35-24 and the Steelers dropped the Eagles 25-36 in overtime.

WFL—Chicago Running Back Cyril Pender rushed for 151 yards in 18 carries and two touchdowns against Philadelphia as the Fire altered the Bell 12-7 to tie fifth out of the league. Birmingham is on a slump, losing the Houston 39-0, while Memphis handled Denver in sixth loss 17-7. New York earned the week's Portland Stars 18-16, Florida defeated Jacksonville 31-26 and the Southern California Sun beat the Houston Texans 18-7.

FACES IN THE CROWD



BROTHER ALAN ZODA, 40, a history teacher from Brooklyn, N.Y., coached the St. Francis Prep basketball team to its sixth consecutive New York City championship. Under his direction the team has been undefeated in six years of league play, with an 86-0 record.



SCOTT CARREATH, 18, lowered the national record in his age group for the 440-yard dash with a 58.8 time at the Junior Olympics. AAU Regional in Denver, Scott, who competes for the Albuquerque PAL, has been running for only a year.

GOLF—DAVE STOCKTON fired a two-credit par 69 to finish at 218 for 72 holes and win the 146,000 first-place share in the \$280,000 Suncoy Dwyer Jr. Grand Havard Open at the Weyerhaefer Country Club. Ray Hoel was second, four strokes behind.

CYNTHIA HILL of Colorado Springs captured the Lady's Amateur championship at the Brentwood Golf Club in Seattle (July 28).

Shooting a final-round 36, JOANNE CABERN took the \$3,000 first prize in the \$25,000 LPGA Suncoy Open at the Keller Golf Course. She had a 54-hole total of 212, seven under par and four strokes ahead of second-place Laura Beaulieu.

HARNESS RACING—BOYDEN HANOVER, Billy Harstad driving, passed the mile at 2:00 1/5 at Yorktown to score a half-length victory over Brer's Star in the final of the \$12,122 Cane Pace. First loss of the Triple Crown for 3-year-old ponies (Aug. 6).

HORSE RACING—HOLDING PATTERN (327.40), Mike Muehl, Jr., held on at the stretch to win the \$100,000 Travers Stakes on 2:05 1/5 at Saratoga. Little Current finished second and Clint Ewert was third (page 18).

INFURIATION (35:03), ridden by Bradie Bantz, won the \$100,000 Hobbs Stakes over Louis Galt. The 6-year-old mare in the 1 1/4 mile at 1:31 over a sloppy track at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell.

OTHER SPORTS—Averaging 154 mph in a Brabham Formula 1, Argentine CARLOS REUTEMANN led from the start to win the 100-mile Australian Grand Prix at Bathurst by 65 seconds over New Zealand's Denis Hulme in a McLaren.

SWIMMING—SEAN DREA of Ireland scored an upset victory as the sixth-ranked at the national championships on Orchard Beach Lagoon in Pelham Bay Park, N.Y. Ben Davis, the defender, was fourth.

SNAP BOX GERRY—CURTIS YARBOROUGH, II, of Elk Grove, Calif., won the All-American Snop Box Derby in Akron, Ohio. His brother Ben had been named the 1971 winner after James Ledner was disqualified for cheating.

SOCCER—A 3-1 victory over Dallas in the semifinal round moved the Miami Tornado into the final of the NASL championship playoffs against the Los Angeles Aztecs, who defeated Boston 2-0. A disappointing Los Angeles goal of 3:40 on its fourth score two early goals against the Mavens, one by Ramon Costa and the second by rookie star David McMillan. Boston could not find the groove that had helped it defeat its regular opponent Baltimore 1-0. That was caused on a John Jellinek



TORY ANNE SULLIVAN, 12, of Short Hills, N.J., hunted 500 for the Marlboro Little League All-Star team in four playoff games. A .290 batter, Tory played outfield or first base in all 20 games for her team, the Hawks, which finished second for the season in its division.



shot from 27 yards out only spectacular saves by Baltimore goalie Lennox Phillips prevented the Mavens from breaking the game wide open. In the other first-round play, Dallas beat San Jose 4-0 on two goals by Mike Renshaw and one by Roy Turner. The Tornado only score in Miami came on a penalty kick by Ray Miller. Long Striker Warren Archibald had one consolation goal and teammate Denis Wynn contributed two more.

SOFTBALL—THE RAYBETTES BRACKETTES beat the defending champion team 3-0 in Stratford, Conn., to give the U.S. its first women's world title (page 16).

SWIMMING—ULRIKE TAUBER of East Germany broke the world record of 2:20.51 for the women's 200-meter individual medley with a 2:18.97 clocking at the European championships in Vienna.

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT picked \$4,000 for her 6-4, 6-3 victory over Julie Manderson in the women's singles final of the \$13,000 Canadian Open in Toronto. In the men's final GUILHERMO VILAS of Argentina picked up \$4,000 for defeating Manuel Occidente 6-4, 6-2, 6-3.

WRESTLING—CLEARED BEN RICHIO, world record-holder in the 1300-meter racehorses, of charges that he had accepted money while running as an amateur. An investigation by the Kentucky Amateur Athletic Association had found that he had accepted the assistance of the International Olympic Committee.

FIRE—BLD ASHER, head coach of the WFL Jacksonville Sharks who are in first place in the Eastern Division with a 2-4 record, resigned. Assistant coach CHARLIE TATE, Asher's assistant, replaced him.

NAMES—BOB McILLANNE, 48, to coach the ABA Memphis Sounds. In order to take the job McIlanne was released from his contract with the Utah Jazz, whom he coached to the Western Division title last season.

NAMES—As head coach of the ABA Spirit of St. Louis, BOB McKINNON, 46, who was assistant coach of the NBA Buffalo Braves for the last two years.

SELECTED—AT NASL Most Valuable Player, Baltimore Comet striker PETER SILVERSTEIN, an Englishman who scored the first goal in the scoring with 14 goals and four assists. As Coach of the Year, JOHN YOUNG, who led the Miami Tornado to the Eastern Division championship with a 9-5 record, and as Rookie of the Year, Striker DOUG McILLANNE, a member of the U.S. national team who finished the season with 20 goals and 10 assists for the Los Angeles Aztecs.

CREDITS

5—Mark Hoffman, 13—Dick Spang, 18—John D. Hunter, 17—Doris Hubert, 23—Shirley R. Long, 40—Tory Sullivan, 24—Dick Spang, 30—Shirley R. Long, 31—George Spang, 33—Dick Spang, 34—Tory Sullivan, 37—Dick Spang, 38—Dick Spang, 39—Dick Spang, 40—Tory Sullivan, 41—Dick Spang, 42—Dick Spang, 43—Dick Spang, 44—Tory Sullivan, 45—Dick Spang, 46—Dick Spang, 47—Dick Spang, 48—Dick Spang, 49—Dick Spang, 50—Tory Sullivan, 51—Dick Spang, 52—Dick Spang, 53—Dick Spang, 54—Tory Sullivan, 55—Dick Spang, 56—Dick Spang, 57—Dick Spang, 58—Dick Spang, 59—Dick Spang, 60—Tory Sullivan, 61—Dick Spang, 62—Dick Spang, 63—Dick Spang, 64—Tory Sullivan, 65—Dick Spang, 66—Dick Spang, 67—Dick Spang, 68—Dick Spang, 69—Dick Spang, 70—Tory Sullivan, 71—Dick Spang, 72—Dick Spang, 73—Dick Spang, 74—Tory Sullivan, 75—Dick Spang, 76—Dick Spang, 77—Dick Spang, 78—Dick Spang, 79—Dick Spang, 80—Tory Sullivan, 81—Dick Spang, 82—Dick Spang, 83—Dick Spang, 84—Tory Sullivan, 85—Dick Spang, 86—Dick Spang, 87—Dick Spang, 88—Dick Spang, 89—Dick Spang, 90—Tory Sullivan, 91—Dick Spang, 92—Dick Spang, 93—Dick Spang, 94—Tory Sullivan, 95—Dick Spang, 96—Dick Spang, 97—Dick Spang, 98—Dick Spang, 99—Dick Spang, 100—Tory Sullivan.



GARY GISH, 21, of Franklin, Ohio, placed 1,170, the second-highest season series on record for league play, with games of 247, 258, 279, 266, 254 and 266 in the Shore Bowl Summer Singles Classic in Fland, A 222 bowler. Gish has had a 768 three-game series.



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

JIM DUNN'S FOOTSTEPS

Sir:

Young Man on the Run (Aug. 12) was an intensely interesting article. Jim Dunn's sincerity, simple faith, sheer guts and appreciation of nature and his country should be a fine example for all Americans.

RANDALL A. WEST

Peoria, Ill.

Sir:

In an age when people jump into their cars to go two blocks for a pack of cigarettes, a six-pack or a loaf of bread, it seems to me that many of our adult leaders could find answers to a lot of questions if they pursued their problems with as much honesty, courage and determination as was displayed by this young man.

Someday as my travels around this country I hope I have the privilege of meeting Jim Dunn, for he is a true sports hero.

THOMAS F. KELLY

Bergenfield, N.J.

Sir:

Thank you for allowing Jim Dunn to show all of us "young men on the run" the proper spirit with which to attempt any such endeavor. Unlike most of us, he not only made the run, he missed very little on the way.

WILLIAM G. RYAN, D.D.S.

Flint, Mich.

Sir:

I enjoyed Jim Dunn's story. He should be considered very lucky indeed to have such indulgent parents. Most people have dreams, but turning them into reality, well, that is something else. Having parents who recognize a dream and are willing to help can greatly aid in the complete development of a child.

My dream was to bike the same distance Jim traveled but from Canada to Mexico, following the coast. Two friends and I were financially prepared for the journey. However, our parents turned thumbs down on the trip, shattering our plans and egos.

Ha! off to Jim and to his wonderful mother!

JOHN FERNANDEZ

Walnut Creek, Calif.

Sir:

Please thank Jim Dunn, not only for the tremendous account of his feat but also for his determination and perseverance to keep on running, no matter how much it hurt or how much he had to sacrifice. Three months ago I suffered a torn cartilage in my left knee and was operated on one month ago. I am just now coming around to where I could possibly start jogging. Jim's article, since it

came from one near my age, has given me the incentive and encouragement I need to work harder than ever to get my legs back in shape for cross-country this fall. I am deeply in debt to him.

JOHN PROCTOR

Gaithersburg, Md.

Sir:

I remember hearing about Jim Dunn when he came to Tillamook, Ore. The article says he "stopped at the perimeter of a high school near Manhattan Beach to watch the football team practice and the cross-country team work out." The name of the school is Neah-Kah-Nie, and I'm a member of the cross-country team. I thought I recognized Jim but wasn't sure I'll always regret not going over to him and saying Hi.

KELLY SULLIVAN

Nehalem, Ore.

MARSHALL ARTS

Sir:

As a member of the physical education academic community, I was mortified to learn that my colleague Mike Marshall is a genuine flake (*He Also Serves His Sin* and *Wain*, Aug. 12). It is indeed decent of Mike to demean himself by playing such a boring game with his obvious inferiors and to be forced into communicating with sportswriters who aren't sharp enough to get it straight. His obvious Herculean efforts at public relations should also be lauded. I hope his \$87,500 annual salary will compensate for any discomfort he might incur.

BILL RYMONDS

Oakland

Sir:

On a good night Mike Marshall's screwball is practically uncatchable. On any night his right arm is nearly invulnerable. His brain is awash with original and enlightening thoughts. He is the manager's dream and the public relations man's nightmare. He doesn't drink or smoke or kick dogs. Truly he is an amazing man. How come I can't shake the feeling that in the game of life Mike Marshall is still in the bullpen?

DAVE RISSOW

Longmeadow, Mass.

Sir:

Mike Marshall luckily has been endowed with the ability to effectively throw a baseball. More power to him. But he has spent too much time among the academicians. I admire that he does not smoke or drink, but to deny the common courtesy of an autograph—that's bad.

JOSEPH POWELL

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Sir:

I agree 100% with Mike Marshall when he says, "Just watching me perform does not give someone the right to steal my time off the field and thrust himself upon me." A lot of fans forget that pro athletes are people; they don't belong to the fan, but to themselves and their families. They deserve a little privacy.

DEAN OMAN

Duluth

Sir:

Thank you for the fine article on Mike Marshall. I also took a course from Mike at MSU when he was only 24, and I could tell then that he was a truly remarkable person. He was still trying to become a big-league shortstop at the time, and I recall he had some interesting theories on hitting as well.

DAVE MILLIK

Westland, Mich.

STEELER FANS

Sir:

Part 2 of Roy Blount Jr.'s article on the Steelers (*A Strange Kind of Love*, Aug. 5) left something to be desired. In particular, I strongly object to Blount's description of a "prototypical Steeler fan" as a hard-drinking male or mill worker. Assuredly, these fans are many in number, but they do not represent all Steeler fans. Pittsburgh is still an industrial city, but not the same one of the early 1900s. Some of the country's largest corporations call Pittsburgh their home, and executives of these companies are also Steeler fans.

On any given Sunday in Three Rivers Stadium, Pittsburgh fans are loud and noisy and do their share of drinking and name-calling, but I'm sure a similar condition exists on that same Sunday afternoon in many other stadiums across the United States.

MRS. RICHARD V. SHORT

Pittsburgh

Sir:

Being a Steeler fan for many years, I know what kind of love Roy Blount was referring to. Pittsburghers take a special kind of pride in the Steelers, whether they win or lose. We are devoted fans. It is not a small portion of the whole that loves the Steelers, but the whole of it.

FRANCIS LAGUNA

Pittsburgh

Sir:

I want to thank Roy Blount. I have never before read an article that so thoroughly examines the personality of a team—its management, its players and its fans.

BRIAN HEYMAN

Osining, N.Y.

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19TH HOLE *continued*

IN LEAGUE

Sir:

We have beaten Gary Davidson to the formation of a league in a previously untouched sport. Our World Pool League will open late this month. During the first season we will operate with four franchises distributed throughout our hometown, Forest Grove, Ore. (pop. 10,600). Owners, besides ourselves, include Keith Pollock and Hans Holmberg.

Thus far no team colors or uniform designs have been announced by any of our teams. Mark Bunker will serve as commissioner, as it is his pool table.

Of course, expansion is imminent. We expect to have 30,000 franchises located on five planets by the year 2137. Present owners each paid 25¢ per franchise. Prices for future franchises will rise according to the state of the economy.

The WPL plays only eight ball. Each team has a 30-game schedule. All four teams qualify for the playoffs, as there is no room for losers in the WPL.

Playoffs are tentatively scheduled for early October. We will, of course, expect national coverage.

DON LOVING
MARK BUNKER

Forest Grove, Ore.

BOOMING RETURNS

Sir:

Tex Maule's report on the progress of the North American Soccer League (*They Knew a Way to San Jose*, Aug. 5) was particularly well timed.

During the preceding week, NASL contests attracted an average attendance of 8,455. Considering that the 1972 championship game was played before a gathering only half that size, Commissioner Phil Woosnam has good cause for optimism.

Perhaps the most encouraging sign is the Americanization of the game. NASL teams are employing more and more native performers while the quality of play continues to improve. The lowly St. Louis Stars fielded an all-American side on July 22 and upset powerful Werder Bremen of West Germany 1-0. Youth programs are flourishing, and the league will expand again next season.

The trend is obvious. Soccer is here to stay, and its continued growth and improvement give hope that the world's No. 1 sport may soon be America's as well.

DAN HERBERT

Rye, N.Y.

Sir:

One of the truly great stories of soccer's impact on a community is the one involving the Seattle Sounders. The city of Seattle and its sports fans are having a love affair with their pro soccer team. The town has gone

completely soccer-savvy, and before the Sounder games have become rare items as game day approaches.

Seattle has had six straight sellouts and is averaging 13,521 fans per game. The seating capacity of the stadium was only 11,000 at the outset of the season but has been expanded to 14,876 by adding portable bleacher seats. Even so, Seattle has had three straight advance sellouts, including one nine days before kickoff for the July 26 Los Angeles game.

A junior soccer program involves over 20,000 youngsters in the Puget Sound area, and the Sounders have been staging clinics in cooperation with the Washington State Soccer Association. These have been very successful as has been the Sounders' "Meet the People" approach.

We feel San Jose deserves a great deal of credit for its success, but the most spectacular story in sports, concerning a team and its rapport with its fans, is in Seattle.

Tom Hase.

Seattle

ZOT!

Sir,

In **FACTS IN THE CROWD** (July 29) you credit the antelope mascot to the University of San Diego. This is a grave injustice to the students of UC Irvine who in a moment of inspiration in 1965 adopted the antelope and the cry "Zot!" as emblematic of their independence from the Bears and Bruins of other UC campuses.

DAVID B. EDELSTEIN

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

WHALE OF A DIFFERENCE

Sir,

I would like to congratulate you on *Run Nuts, Run Deep and Go to Work* by Richard W. Johnson (Aug. 5). In the current period of hysteria over the well-being of marine mammals, Mr. Johnson's work represents a fine piece of clear-eyed reporting. The popular literature on the subject could certainly stand more articles of this sort.

As a colleague of mine recently stated, whales and dolphins "are not little men in wet suits." They are fascinating, beguiling creatures, to be sure, but none attains an intelligence level equivalent to man's. Actually, a dolphin is about as intelligent as a dog.

A few minor points in Mr. Johnson's article need correcting. The Marine Mammal Protection Act was passed by Congress on Oct. 21, 1971 and took effect exactly one year later—not in 1973 as reported. Also, the going rate for killer whales has dramatically increased to \$75,000. This last point is important only if one is purchasing the animal.

STEVEN S. SPOTTS

Director

Mytic Minnetlife Aquarium

Mytic, Conn.

Continued



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19TH HOLE

SPORTING PROPOSITION

Sir:

The advent of the dramatic growth of women's athletic programs (*U.S. News & Sport*, *A Progress Report*, July 29), particularly at the college level, offers, perhaps even demands, a reevaluation of athletic purpose and financial structure.

I am appalled that the Arizona State Board of Regents should grant 40 women's athletic scholarships to Arizona State. In these days of rising tuition and shortages of academic scholarships, one could scarcely argue convincingly that the money could not be better spent elsewhere within our post-secondary educational system.

This is not to say that women do not deserve more money to improve opportunities for athletic experience. What I am suggesting is that male programs spend entirely too much money on too few people for questionable societal benefits.

Let me propose the unthinkable: that all collegiate athletic governing bodies adopt a 10-year plan for eliminating all athletic scholarships. In the first year of the program, athletic departments would lose one-fourth of the previous year's scholarship money, this money being contributed to academic scholarships. In the second year, two-tenths of the base year scholarship money would be contributed to academic scholarships, reducing athletic scholarships by that amount. In the third year three-tenths, and so on, until in the 10th year the entire base amount is contributed for academic scholarships.

After the 10th year, colleges would be free to allocate the money any way they saw fit, except for athletic scholarships. The increasing recognition of the student-athlete makes such a plan feasible and desirable.

ROBERT M. KIRK

Phoenix City, Ariz.

CLAWING BACK

Sir:

As a tennis buff since the days of Tilden, I wish to commend you for doing a feature on WTT, with an oak-leaf cluster for midgeting at the Boston Lobsters (*Going to Pot with the Lobsters*, Aug. 5).

Unfortunately you were tailing them at the low point of their season, which makes them come off like the Broadhurst High Jvs. I hope their recent efforts have impressed you more.

Sure, there have been problems, but our heroes and heroines have the support of an expanding group of vociferous enthusiasts. Watch us next year. WTT is here to stay.

JAMES R. WALSH

Watertown, Mass.

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*Darlene and Dave Williams,
Auburn, Washington.*



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